

TALES OF THE CLASSICS:

A NEW DELINEATION

OF THE

MOST POPULAR

FABLES, LEGENDS, AND ALLEGORIES

COMMEMORATED IN THE WORKS OF

POETS, PAINTERS, AND SCULPTORS.

SELECTED AND WRITTEN

BY A LADY,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF HER OWN DAUGHTERS.

“Our poets have naturalized ancient fables, so that mythology is become essential even to modern literature.”—“Classical poetry, without the knowledge of mythology, is unintelligible.”—EDGEWORTH.

“On ne peut voyager utilement, apprécier les chefs-d’œuvres des arts, et lire avec fruit les ouvrages des poètes et des auteurs anciens, sans avoir des notions suffisantes et générales sur la mythologie.”—TRESSAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF KENT,
THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

As a tribute of loyal attachment, accompanied with a fervent prayer, that Her Royal Highness, guided by “the spirit of truth,” and walking “humbly with God,” may continue to diffuse the light of her illustrious and amiable example among her young contemporaries, till a more advanced period of life, and enlarged powers of promoting the interests of the Redeemer’s Kingdom, may give Her Royal Highness the happiness of seeing the inhabitants of the British Isles with one accord turning to their Creator, with full purpose of heart,—and distant nations, who are now bowing down to dumb Idols,—the Islands of the South, with India, Egypt, and Ethiopia, stretching forth their hands towards this happy land, and exclaiming, in the language of the “Sweet Singer of Israel,”—“Surely God is known in her palaces”—“Blessed are her princes,” and “Blessed the people who have the Lord Jehovah for their God.”

From Her Royal Highness’s

Admiring and devoted

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

WADLANDS, JULY 1829.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following work was undertaken by the Author for the instruction and amusement of her own daughters, with a view to their acquiring, in an eligible and agreeable manner, a competent knowledge of the Grecian mythology, and other subjects therewith connected,—a branch of instruction indispensably requisite in a complete course of polite and liberal education.

In presenting her work to the public, the Author is induced to hope that, from the nature and arrangement of the subject, it will be found to exhibit a useful and not inelegant manual, for the

purposes of education in schools and families; besides forming a compendium suited to the cabinet or study of the amateur of the fine arts, and an interesting *Vade Mecum* for the young traveller in his tour through Italy and other countries of classic interest. .

INTRODUCTION.

FROM an attentive perusal of the Sacred Writings, it appears evident that idolatry, that is to say, the worship of any object except the one only living and true God, was introduced into the world at a very early period.

The descendants of Noah (particularly in the branch and posterity of Ham), neglecting or despising the instructions of their pious progenitor, yielded themselves slaves to their own passions and inclinations, and, departing from the worship of that Being who *is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity*, gradually lost that sense of his presence, and that hope of his protection, which are the best guides and most powerful incentives to virtue, till they ultimately sank into gross ignorance, bar-

barity, and superstition. In this degraded state of mind, they offered their religious adoration to sensible objects; the first of which were the sun, moon, and stars, called in Scripture *the host of heaven*. This kind of worship obtained the name of Sabæism; and has been found to prevail, with more or less complexity and pomp of ritual, in almost every part of the world. To it may be justly attributed the early advances made by the Chaldean and Egyptian priests in the science of astronomy: the acquisition and abuse of which knowledge ultimately gave them an undue influence over the minds of the people, whose credulity and superstition (the natural effects of ignorance and fear) furnished the wily pretenders to judicial astrology with the arms by which they triumphed over their understanding. Chambers, in his *Encyclopedia*, informs us that Maimonides, an ancient writer, makes frequent mention of this idolatry in his work entitled "*More Nevochim*;" and adds, that Abraham, who was a native of Ur of the Chaldees, was brought up among the Sabæans, who admitted no other gods than the heavenly bodies; and who, in their works (many of which have been translated into Arabic), maintain expressly that the sun and moon are the great gods, and the stars and planets subordinate deities, acting

in obedience to their commands. The same writer observes, that Abraham opposed these errors, and asserted the existence of a creator distinct from the sun : for the promulgation of which opinion the king of the Cushæans shut him up in prison, and ultimately confiscated his goods, pronouncing on him a sentence of banishment from his country. It was probably in this moment of distress that God called this pious patriarch, and communicated to him a knowledge of the blessings that should attend him and his posterity.

The adoration of the heavenly bodies induced, in process of time, an extraordinary veneration for certain animals, vegetables, and other productions of nature, that were imagined to possess some analogy to their aspects, form, or progress ; and these in their turn were honoured with rites and ceremonies, always fraught with absurdity, and often with cruelty. To an ordinary traveller, the temples of ancient Egypt must have had the appearance of being but elegant compartments of one vast *ménagerie* ; while to the eyes of the philosopher they presented abundance of ingenious emblems, designed to represent upon earth in living forms the hieroglyphic figures of the constellations, and the operations of nature.

The ancient astronomers, representing the stars

and constellations under the figures of animals, made use of the same hieroglyphical characters to express their aspects, conjunctions, and oppositions, together with the daily phenomena they exhibit. "Accordingly," says Monsieur Rabaud de St. Etienne, "when they spoke of the heavenly bodies as animals or persons, they were of course obliged to describe their relations, positions, and influences, as so many adventures. The rising of the stars, whose appearance regulated the labours of the agricultor, or directed the operations of the mariner, was hailed as the birth of beneficent beings, to whose influence mortals were indebted for the principal sources of their comfort and happiness. In like manner their disappearance from our hemisphere was announced and mourned as their death, which was often attributed to other heavenly bodies which became visible at their departure. The former were described as descending into the infernal regions, while those that advanced above the horizon were considered as reigning in splendour, or experiencing all the variety of adventures which the fertile imagination could draw from their different positions and changes. The account or description of these combinations obtained the names of the *metamorphoses*."

Embellished by the graces and ornaments of poetry, these ingenious fictions, in process of time, were found infinitely more pleasing and congenial to the taste of the people than the laboured investigations of exact observation; and the natural or physical heavens, with the characters by which the name of the Most High is inscribed thereon, being concealed under the dazzling veil of allegory, were at length forgotten, or at least little studied, and very imperfectly understood.

The idolatrous worship, first established in Phœnicia and Egypt, became refined in proportion to the increase of knowledge, and the invention and perfection of useful and ornamental arts. Painting and Sculpture lent their aid to this refinement. "Well-formed statues inspired respect; and men began to imagine that the ideal beings they represented took pleasure in inhabiting them. The invention of a useful art, the beauty of a work, gratitude for benefits received, filial piety and affection, conjugal and maternal tenderness; all these caused temples and altars to be raised, statues and portraits to be honoured, and woods and groves to be consecrated."

In the book of the Wisdom of Solomon, chap. xiv. 15th and successive verses, is the following account of the origin of this image-worship:—

For, a father afflicted with untimely mourning, when he had made an image of his child soon taken away, honoured him as a god, which was then a dead man, and delivered to those that were under him ceremonies and sacrifices.

Thus in process of time an ungodly custom was kept as a law, and graven images were worshipped by the commandment of kings.

The singular diligence of the artificer did help to set forward the ignorant to more superstition.

For he, peradventure, willing to please one in authority, forced all his skill to make the resemblance of the best fashion.

And so the multitude, allured by the grace of the work, took him now for a god, which a little before was but honoured as a man.

An ingenious and sensible nation, guided by a lively and fertile imagination, succeeded at length in peopling the sea, the air, the lawns, and the woods, with fantastical beings and pleasing allegories, which have served to amplify the dominions of poetry; and the poets, creators of a magic world, whose brilliant illusions animated the whole of nature, bowed down before the altars which they themselves had erected; and finished like the sculptor, who worshipped the work of his own hands.—Thus the sublime conceptions of Homer,

the glowing allegories of Apelles, and the exquisitely fine statues of Phidias, have all turned to the profit of superstition.

The poets were the first historians: they sang the exploits and achievements of heroes and great men; and their songs were embellished by fiction, and enlivened by the warm expressions of enthusiasm, admiration, or gratitude.

When, in process of time, the Phœnicians and Egyptians planted colonies in Greece and Italy, the laws, customs, learning, and religion of these Eastern nations were introduced and new-modelled, according to the genius and habits of the people who received them. To the names of eight principal deities acknowledged by the Egyptians, namely, the Sun, Saturn, Rhea, Jupiter, Juno, Vulcan, Vesta, and Mercury, or Hermes, the Greeks added many others, together with those of heroes and good men, whose extraordinary achievements and virtues induced a belief that they were descended from some of these imaginary divinities, or whose actions had procured their apotheosis (a ceremony performed after their decease), by which they were supposed to obtain a place among the gods, and to be entitled to religious honours and popular adoration. The history and feats of all these persons, united with the

imaginary adventures of the hieroglyphic figures by which the stars, (for the convenience of the astronomer and the direction of the agricultor and the mariner,) have been formed into constellations, produced at length a system of fable or mythology, the knowledge of which is essential to the right understanding of the most beautiful works of taste and genius by which poets and artists have rendered their names immortal.

The use of letters among the Greeks is supposed to have begun about 1500 years before the Christian era. They did not at first use them to write connected histories, but only to compose hymns, panegyrics, and genealogies, by which they endeavoured to induce a belief that they were descended from the gods.

Homer, the celebrated Greek poet, was one of the earliest profane writers. The age in which he lived is not certainly known. The Arundelian Marbles fix his era 907 years before Christ, and make him contemporary with Hesiod. He is justly styled "the father of poetry;" and his works will be extolled and admired as long as poetry, taste, and genius shall be known and honoured in the world. "Who," says the author of 'The Travels of the Younger Anacharsis,' "who is this wonderful man, whose glory increases with

revolving ages, and of whom the human intellect is no more jealous than of the beams of the bright luminary of day?"

Homer and Virgil in their immortal works represent the divinities of Greece and Latium in action. "The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*, would be of no consequence but for the presence of the gods; and the perpetual mixture and recurrence of facts would be little interesting without the fictions which principally engage our attention."

Here it may be proper to observe, that those imaginary divinities, from whose presence and agency the works of these great authors derive their principal interest, were not the phantoms of their own imagination or invention. Their worship was really established in the world, and sages and peasants with equal devotion bowed before their altars, and with equal ardour deprecated their anger, or sought their favour and protection.

This system of idolatrous worship is now passed away from the earth. The works above mentioned have preserved to us but a very partial and limited account of it. For a more detailed history of these imaginary divinities, their actions, qualities, attributes, &c., we are indebted to the "*Metamorphoses*" of Publius Ovidius Naso, commonly men-

tioned by the single name of Ovid,—a celebrated Latin poet who flourished in the time of the Emperor Augustus, and was contemporary with Virgil.

“ Chi,” says an anonymous but elegant Italian author, “ Chi sono questi dei? Quale geste contraddistinguano la loro istoria? Quali relazioni ebbero coi primi mortali? Con quali immaginati portenti fù associato il culto loro sopra la terra? Ecco ciò che, senza le Metamorfosi di Ovidio, resterebbe avvolto nell’ oscurità; e spesso anche sepolto in un bujo profondo.

“ Caddero distrutti i templi del Politeismo. La scure e la fiamma hanno violati i boschi sacri, testimonj di arcani riti e di mistiche feste. Tacciono gli oracoli dalla sacerdotale arte inventati. Le caverne cinte da terror religioso, ove l’ ingannato volgo credea che il cielo si comunicasse alla terra, più non offrono che naturali curiosità all’ indagatore scienziato: i simulacri de’ Numi più non compajono che ad ornare i nostri musei; ed il solo amore dell’ arti gli ha salvati dai colpi della superstizione, dai guasti della barbaria! Che ci rimane adunque per conoscere a fondo nelle minute sue parti quell’ elegante mitologia, magistera della immaginazione umana; quella mitologia ch’ è tuttora l’ anima della poesia, e il più vivace linguaggio

dell' arti? Ci rimangono ' Le Metamorfosi,' le quale sono il poetico catechismo di una religione tutta poetica. Esse ci tengono luogo degli ammaestramenti che il sacerdote, coperto di bianca infula, distribuiva a' devòti ne' portici de' templi vetusti; esse ci mettono addietro a' misterj che, dopo lunga serie di prove, si spiegavano all' iniziato negl' imi penetrati del santuario. La cognizione delle Metamorfosi è indispensabile a chiunque non voglia comparire affatto gotico e rozzo. Uno scultore, un pittore, che ignori le Metamorfosi, non può ideare un gruppo, ne immaginare un dipinto che onori la sua fantasia creatrice. Il viaggiatore che non ha studiato le Metamorfosi, invano scorre le gallerie de' monarchi e de' grandi. Qual piacere gli recheranno i capi d' opera de' sommi maestri, se egli non s' è dissetato al fonte onde il lor genio ha tratto le composizioni loro più rare?"

An apology for an extract so elegantly illustrative of the nature of the fables delineated in this work would here be ill-placed; and an English translation of it, at a period in which the Italian language is so generally studied in our country, might be considered as ill-timed: As some excuse, however, for this and numerous other extracts from Italian and French authors which appear in this volume, it may be well to observe, that

the young persons for whose particular use it was first compiled were perfectly conversant with these languages.

Though Ovid lived many ages after Homer and other celebrated poets, the materials for the former part of this work are drawn from his writings rather than from those of his predecessors (whilst all, however, have contributed their portion to the interest these pages may awaken), because he conducts his readers back to the beginning of time—and accounts, according to the dogmas of the Grecian mythology, for the commencement of the harmony, order, and beauty, which are visible in the system to which we belong. Another obvious reason for making the “*Metamorphoses*” the groundwork of this compilation is, that the monuments of sculpture and painting which adorn our museums, embellish the splendid galleries of Italy, and give interest to the laboured ruins of Greece and Rome, (objects which now more than ever attract the attention of travellers, and particularly of the English,) have for the most part some allusion or analogy to the subject of that work; and however we may feel disposed as Christians to look with pity on these wild vagaries of the human imagination, it is certain that, without a competent knowledge of the “*Metamorphoses*” (a work which

Ovid well knew would render his name immortal), the finest productions of art and genius can neither be appreciated nor understood.

It cannot however be denied that there exists a very serious objection to the poem in question ; which is, that on account of the many unedifying details with which it abounds, neither the original work, nor any existing translation of it, is such as a judicious and considerate teacher can, *with perfect satisfaction*, put into the hands of his pupil. This observation will serve to justify a remark long since made by the learned world on the writings of Ovid in general,—namely, that on whatever he has written, he has totally exhausted the subject, and left nothing unsaid. Every exhausted subject naturally becomes dry, uninteresting, and tiresome ; and we have daily proofs that this is certainly the case with the work in question ; the volumes being read by students in our public schools more as a task than as an amusement. Happy, perhaps, that it is so ! as the long dissertations therein contained are such as might tend to shake the foundations of virtue and morality, rather than to improve the mind or inform the understanding.

It is hoped that this work, originally compiled by an anxious mother for the use of her own

daughters, will be found ¹as suitable and interesting offering for the rising generation ; inasmuch as the tales or fables it contains are related without any essential or even apparent diminution of incident, although, contrary to the manner of Ovid, much is left unsaid.¹

The enlightened parent and the judicious tutor will probably receive with indulgence and approbation a work which, on its own particular subject, is calculated to hold a place in a circulating library, and to be read aloud in parties composed of young persons of both sexes.

To the curious reader it may be satisfactory to notice, that not one of the original fables is here omitted ; and that considerable additions have been made to them, in point of matter and number, from the writings of Apollodorus, Nonnus, Apuleius, and other authors, both ancient and modern.

The notes and observations annexed to every tale will be found to afford, as it is trusted, a

¹ " He that shortens the road to knowledge lengthens life ; and we are all of us more indebted than we are always aware of, to that class of writers whom Johnson termed ' the pioneers of literature,' doomed to clear away the dirt and rubbish for those who are pressing on to honour and to victory. Let them in their glorious career turn and bestow a smile of approbation on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress."—COLTON'S " *Lacon*."

fund of mythological information not to be derived from any other elementary work on the subject; and, to such persons as may intend to visit Italy and other countries of classic interest, they are likely to prove particularly interesting.

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TALES
OF
THE CLASSICS.

CHAOS—THE CREATION.

BEFORE the world which we inhabit was arranged and organised so as to be a fit abode for the various orders of animals that were destined to be its inhabitants, this now beautiful frame of nature was a rude undigested mass of matter ; a confused assemblage of jarring elements, to which the ancients gave the name of Chaos :¹ describing it as a dark turbulent kind of atmosphere ; a disorderly system, or mixture of all sorts of particles together, without form or regularity.

From this gross and shapeless mass, involved in obscurity and confusion, the globe which we in-

habit was formed; and the happy arrangement of these discordant principles effected by some divine, though unknown power, produced all the magnificent phenomena of creation, which are displayed to the contemplation of man in the system to which we belong.

Order and beauty succeeded to disorder and confusion. No sooner were the elements of fire, air, earth; and water, separated and settled in their respective places, than the sun, moon, and stars, appeared. Light broke in upon the rising world; darkness was dissipated, and Chaos was no more.

The earth settling on its centre, was surrounded on all sides by the azure vault of heaven; encircled by the vast unfathomable ocean, covered with vegetation, and refreshed and beautified by rivers, lakes, and rivulets.

Five zones, with all their rich variety of temperature and climate, divided the surface of the newly-formed earth, and over it the winds² of heaven were permitted to exercise their vivifying influence. Each of these salutary powers had, however, his appointed place of dominion. To Eurus, the east-wind, were assigned the mountains which in Persia and Arabia are first cheered by the appearance of the beautiful Aurora. Zephy-

rus, the west-wind, held his gentle sway where the brilliant star of Venus appears when the sun sinks to repose beneath the waters of the ocean. Boreas, the north-wind, took possession of Scythia, and the gloomy regions over which the constellation of the Great Bear diffuses its freezing influences. While Auster, the south-wind, enveloped in eternal clouds, was charged to dispense humidity on the dry and parched deserts of the torrid zone.

The waters now became peopled with fishes, the air with birds, and the earth with beasts and reptiles of innumerable forms: but a nobler being was found wanting to complete the beautiful order of creation; and man accordingly rose into existence. Whether the sublime faculty of reason which distinguished him from the rest of the animal creation was an immediate spark or emanation from the eternal mind of the great Architect of the universe; or, whether the earth, being recently separated from the pure ether or heaven, still retained some particle of its divine essence, which communicated this glorious power to the paste or composition of earth and water, with which the daring son of Japet³ undertook to form man in the likeness of the immortal gods, is not well ascertained. Suffice it to know, that man came into existence endowed with intelligence to

contemplate the grand phenomena of nature, and to have dominion over the inferior creatures!

Observations.—Some of the most celebrated artists, as well as many of inferior note, have endeavoured to represent this unrepresentable subject. Among the paintings of the immortal Raphael d'Urbino that have been preserved to our day, is one which exhibits the great Spirit of creation separating the light from the darkness. And there is another by Diapen Bake, a pupil of Rubens, whose picture exhibits an abyss with a confused mass of clouds, fire, smoke, &c. over all which appear, with somewhat discordant effect, some of the signs of the zodiac.

In 1775, a beautiful group of sculpture was exhibited in the *Salle d'Exposition* of the royal palace of the Louvre in Paris, which represented Prometheus, and the man he had just formed of clay, or of a paste composed of earth and water. The artist has chosen the moment in which the man, in the first feeling of his heart, raises his eyes towards heaven: Prometheus appears rapt in admiration at the success of his labour, and Minerva is seen covering him with her shield as a symbol of her protection.

An antique lamp that was dug from among

some tombs in the Via Laticlaviana in Rome, represents the theft of Prometheus: he holds in one hand the celestial flame, and with the other points towards heaven; intimating that from thence came the human soul, and that from thence it derives its divine and immortal nature. A colossal statue of Prometheus in the same attitude may be seen in the Medici Gallery at Florence.

In an apartment of the Medici Gallery, denominated the Dutch school, is a painting by John Brughel, representing the four elements—fire, air, earth, and water.

Notes.—1 *Chaos*. Almost every nation has been found to possess its favourite legend respecting the primeval confusion here called Chaos, and the subsequent creation. Some of the ancients, however, considered the Chaos as a being or person, and invoked him as an infernal deity, the oldest of all the gods. The doctrine contained in the sketch we have here given was, according to Lempriere, first established by Hesiod, and obscurely drawn from the writings of the Hebrew legislator, by being copied from the annals of Sancho-niathon, whose age is fixed antecedent to the siege of Troy. The account of the creation, as given by Moses in the Holy Scriptures, is considered by some divines as allegorical, and by others as literal. Be this as it may,

we shall only observe, that the narrator has, in one beautiful, one divinely-inspired verse, united the genuine simplicity of eternal truth with a grandeur and sublimity unequalled in the glowing details of the most celebrated heathen poets:—*And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.*—GEN. i. 3.

2 *Winds.* The winds were very numerous. The four above-mentioned were called cardinal winds: they affect the four points of the mariner's compass, called the *cardinal points*. These, with their numerous auxiliaries, have been personified by poets and mythologists, and exhibited in various forms and attitudes. Sacrifices were occasionally offered to them, as to agents or spirits of destruction, whose fury it was thought prudent to deprecate.

3 *Japet.* This was one of the Titan princes who were denominated *sons of the gods*. The Greeks considered Japet as the founder of their race. His son, here mentioned as having made man of earth and water, was named Prometheus. He is said to have stolen fire from heaven to animate the figure which he had formed.—See the “Sequel,” article *Prometheus*.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

To the creation of the world succeeded The Golden Age; a happy period, in which mutual kindness and good-will prevailed among the inhabitants of the earth, and the malignant feelings which have since produced so much misery in the world were altogether unknown.

No laws were promulgated to deter men from the commission of crimes. No brazen tablets,¹ inscribed with denunciations or threats of punishment for offenders, met the eye of the happy confiding passenger. And none were necessary, since all men were naturally and spontaneously disposed to love and assist each other.

Attached to their native fields, they wandered not in search of distant climates, nor felled the mountain pine to form barks for traversing the realms of Neptune—the vast immeasurable ocean.

No cities had they to require walls or moats for defence or security. No metals were dug from the earth to form weapons of warfare and destruction. They had neither trumpets nor helmets, nor swords, nor spears. They lived in peace, and enjoyed safety and security, for which they were not indebted to the knowledge or use of arms.

The earth brought forth spontaneously all that was necessary to supply the wants of man; who, in this state of simplicity and purity, craved not the flesh of animals, but fed on fruits, and ate of the tender acorns that fell in abundance from the sacred tree of Jupiter.

The face of nature was embellished by an eternal spring. Fanned by the gentle zephyrs, the most beautiful flowers sprang up, and bloomed in continual succession. The air breathed fragrance. The birds warbled in the woods. The yellow corn waved in the fields unindebted to the labours of the plough. Streams of milk² and nectar glided through the verdant meadows, and honey distilled in soft showers from the leaves of the majestic oak.

The whole system of nature, with all its endless variety of forms and operations, contributed to the felicity of the human race; but the highest and most sublime source of this primeval happiness

was found in communication with the gods, who in these early, happy times condescended to commune familiarly with beings whose motives and actions they beheld with complacency and approbation !

Observations.—This age of innocence and justice is placed by the poets under the reign of Saturn, previous to his expulsion from the throne by his brother, and subsequently by his son. Modern iconographers have represented this happy period by the figure of a beautiful young woman standing under the shade of an olive-tree, the emblem of peace, and on which is a swarm of bees. Her golden locks wave luxuriously on her shoulders. Her vesture is a tissue of gold, without ornaments ; and she holds a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, from which fall different sorts of fruits and flowers.

In the superb gallery of the Grand-duke of Tuscany is a painting which represents the Golden Age, by Frederick Zuccheri, an Italian artist who flourished in the sixteenth century.

Notes.—1 *Brazen tablets.* “Les loix à Rome, gravées sur des tablets d’airain, étaient placées dans les

lieux où elles restaient sous les yeux du peuple, qui pouvoit ainsi lire les devoirs, et les peines prononcées contre les transgresseurs. Cette exposition publique prévenait quelquefois le crime, et ne permettait pas du moins au coupable de s'excuser sur son ignorance." *Dubois Fontanelle.*

2 *Milk, honey, and nectar.* The Orientals considered milk and honey as apt emblems or symbols of fertility and beauty: the former betokening that the country abounded with rich pasture grounds; the latter intimating that it produced abundance of flowers and odoriferous herbs. Hence, in the figurative language of holy writ, the then fertile and beautiful country of Canaan is described as *a land flowing with milk and honey.*

Nectar is said by the poets to be the celestial beverage of the gods. (See the tale or fable, "*Celestial Cup-bearers.*") Here it may be only a poetical intimation that grapes grew in profusion, the juice of this delicious fruit being often compared to nectar; and is even so called to this day in the convivial song of the banquet. Milton, in his description of the Garden of Eden, gives the name of nectar to the waters which served to refresh and beautify that abode of innocence:

Forth from that sapphire fount in crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error, under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant; and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which Nature boon

Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Embrown'd the noon-tide hours. PARADISE LOST.

Pope, in his paraphrase of the sublime prophecy of Isaiah respecting the coming of Christ, gives the name of nectar to the dew:

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower. MESSIAH.

THE SILVER AGE.

AFTER Saturn had escaped from the gloomy prison of the terrible Tartarus, and all those subsequent events had taken place which ultimately gave to Jupiter the undisputed empire of the world, (of which see a detailed account in the "Sequel" to this work, articles *Saturn*, and *Jupiter*,) a new scene of things presented itself, and a new period commenced, called by the poets "The Silver Age;" which, though inferior to the former in goodness and happiness, was yet far superior to the Brazen and Iron Ages that succeeded it.

The human race now began to swerve from the paths of innocence and rectitude, and all nature seemed to feel the change. The smiling spring no longer protracted its mild and cheering influence throughout the revolving year. Summer,

autumn, and winter, by turns appeared; and men, hitherto unaccustomed to the vicissitudes of the seasons, now sought a shelter from the extremes of heat and cold. They retired into caverns, or made themselves houses, or rather huts, constructed with reeds, moss, and barks of trees.

The earth no longer yielded a spontaneous supply to the wants of its inhabitants: labour became necessary to their support. The stubborn glebe, now furrowed by the plough-share, received from the hand of the agricultor the precious seed over which Ceres is said to preside. To the labour of man the strength of the beast of the field became a necessary auxiliary, and the toiling heifer now for the first time groaned beneath the yoke.

Observations.—The Silver Age is personified by the figure of a young woman, less beautiful than the former; her vesture is embroidered with silver, and on her head is an ornament of pearls arranged with some degree of art. She wears a sort of *brodequins*, or half-boots of silver, and is represented as standing near a hut, leaning on a plough, and holding in one hand a bunch of ears of corn.

The Silver Age is represented by a painting in

the Florentine Gallery, the work of Frederick Zuccheri.

Note.—1 *Silver Age*. This is the period in which Saturn is imagined to have shared the throne of Janus in Italy, and to have taught the people the arts of agriculture, and other branches of rural industry.—See an account of Janus, in the notes of the tale or fable, “*Ulysses, Circe, &c.*”

THE BRAZEN AGE.

THE period, called the Brazen Age, is described by the mythologists as a time in which every species of wickedness and injustice began to prevail among men, who now first tore from the bowels of the earth the precious metal which human perversity has so often rendered the aliment of every vice. Covetousness and the thirst of wealth exerted their withering influence over the human heart. The love of home and kindred diminished, and men roamed from land to land in search of riches, or in ships traversed the trackless ocean in quest of countries and treasures yet unknown. The earth, which, like the light of heaven, or the air of the surrounding atmosphere, had hitherto been free for all, was now divided into unequal portions; and man, distrustful of his fellow man, raised fences to mark the limits of his possessions,

and to secure himself from the encroachments of his neighbour. Laws became necessary for the preservation of property: mutual kindness and good-will ceased to be the ruling principles of action. The basest passions succeeded to those better feelings which had heretofore assimilated men to the immortal gods, who now successively withdrew their presence from a world which was defaced by the moral disorders of its inhabitants.

Avarice and depravity increased among men, who gradually lost their taste for those pure and simple pleasures which can only be felt and appreciated by the innocent and the good.

Forsaking their humble dwellings, which had so often been endeared, and rendered sacred by the presence of some celestial visitant, they erected houses, built cities, indulged in the pride of dress, and began to take a ferocious pleasure in the study and use of arms.

Observations.—The Brazen Age is personified as a woman of a bold countenance, richly dressed, and wearing a helmet ornamented at the top with the head or muzzle of a lion. She rests her left hand on a buckler, and holds in her right a bunch of thorns. Around her appear buildings constructed with some degree of art and elegance.

This period and the following, called the Iron Age, have also been painted by Frederick Zuccheri. These four pictures are in an apartment of the Florentine Gallery, denominated *the Tuscan School*.

THE IRON AGE.

THE last of the four ages, called by the poets the Iron Age, is described as a period marked by fraud, licentiousness, hatred, revenge, and the prevalence of every sort of crime. The sordid and malevolent passions having usurped the place of those kind affections which had heretofore united man to man, the earth became a dreadful scene of war, carnage, and desolation.

Families were divided by the most cruel dissensions,—violence filled the earth. The ties of kindred were broken. Husbands and wives, parents and children, rose in arms against each other, and hands that were too feeble to wield the murderous weapon shunned not to prepare the poisoned bowl.

The duties of hospitality, and the calls of gratitude, were alike neglected and forgotten; piety

languished and was despised; and the divine Astrea,¹ who, of all the celestial visitants had lingered the longest upon this earth, now fled from the polluted abodes of men, and sought her native heaven!

Observations.—The Iron Age is personified as a woman of a fierce, savage aspect, armed cap-à-pè. On her helmet is carved a fox's head. She stands in a menacing attitude with a drawn sword in her right hand; and on her left she bears a shield, on which is engraven the figure of Fraud (an evil quality, which the poets have personified as a monster with a beautiful human countenance, having the body of a serpent and the tail of a scorpion). At her feet are scattered various trophies of war, and at a distance appear fortifications.

Note.—¹ *Astrea*. The goddess of justice, called also the celestial virgin. She is generally represented as a fine woman with a countenance expressive of firmness and dignity, which is softened by a slight air of melancholy. In one hand she holds a balance, and in the other a drawn sword. Astrea is sometimes confounded with the goddess Themis, who is said to be the mother of three daughters, Equity, Law, and

Peace. Astrea is by some supposed to be the virgin of the zodiac. .

Among the beautiful paintings with which the immortal Raphael has embellished and enriched the Vatican palace in Rome, one of the most admirable is his sublime figure of Justice. The personification is a woman of a dignified and matronly appearance, seated on an immense accumulation of clouds. On her head she wears a diadem, and holds in her right hand a sword ; while with her left she raises aloft an even balance, emblems of her empire in society. Four elegant figures, representing attendant genii, stand near this awful goddess, bearing in their hands scrolls with inscriptions characteristic of the majesty of the glorious attribute so superbly personified.

THE WARS OF THE GIANTS.

THE world was now become a scene of rapine and desolation, and its depraved inhabitants, after making war with each other, at length formed the desperate project of attacking even the gods.

The country about Phlegra and Pallene was inhabited by a horrible race of giants, who were nearly related to the Titans that had waged war with Saturn, and had been defeated by his son Jupiter, at this time in possession of the throne of his father, and the acknowledged sovereign of gods and men.

The giants were a race of beings of enormous stature, and some of them of monstrous forms, having fifty heads, a hundred arms, tails like fishes, &c. All these being much enraged against Jupiter for having defeated the Titan princes, determined to scale the heavens, and to attack

him on his throne. For this purpose they tore away from Mount Pelion the majestic pine-trees with which it was covered, even to its highest summit, and piled upon it the lofty Ossa, a mountain whose superb shadow now diffuses a refreshing coolness over the beautiful Vale of Tempe. From this enormous height they commenced their battery against Jupiter and the celestial court, flinging about fiery forests instead of darts, and hurling huge masses of rock, some of which, falling on the ground, became mountains; and others, tumbling into the sea, formed islands of various dimensions.

Terrified at this extraordinary assault, many of the gods and goddesses fled for refuge into Egypt, where they assumed the forms of various animals, and were ever after in that country, according to some authors, worshipped under the different figures of a cow, a crow, an ibis, a cat, &c. &c.

In this dreadful fray Jupiter was wounded, and made prisoner by the terrible Typhæus, or Typhon; but was soon released and set at liberty by his son Mercury: and having learnt that it was decreed by Destiny, a power to whose immutable laws both gods and men were subject, that he should owe the conquest of these formidable enemies to the aid of a mortal, Hercules was called in to his

assistance. The fugitive divinities resuming their courage returned to their posts, and the giants were at length totally defeated.

On this occasion Jupiter is said to have first essayed and proved the power of his tremendous thunderbolts, which he hurled at his gigantic assailants new and flaming from the hands of the Cyclops. The enormous pile of hills which, reared by impious hands, stood forth the audacious monument of pride and folly, was overthrown, and the greater number of the rebels, the gigantic sons of the earth, were crushed to pieces, and the rest precipitated into the depths of Tartarus, or confined under the burning bases of Etna and other volcanic mountains,

Observations.—In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a good painting by Victor Cassini, representing the forge of Vulcan, and the Cyclops at work.

The ornaments of a pedestal which supports the statue of Theseus, in the Museum Pio Clementino, exhibit this war of the giants.

Note.—1 *Animals.* “ The rites of animal worship formed a striking and distinctive feature in the religion of the ancient Egyptians. . . Those who visited Egypt

approached with delight its sacred groves and splendid temples, adorned with superb vestibules and lofty porticos, the scenes of many solemn and mysterious rites. The walls shone with gold and silver: they were adorned with amber, and sparkled with the various gems of India and Ethiopia, and the recesses were concealed by splendid curtains. But if on entering the penetralia the image of the god was inquired for in whose honour the fane was built, one of the pastophori, or some other attendant of the temple, approaching with a solemn and mysterious aspect, and putting aside the veil, allowed the inquirer to peep in and obtain a glimpse of the divinity. There he beheld a crocodile, a cat, a serpent or some other beast, a fitter inhabitant for a cavern or a bog than for a temple." —See "Analysis of Egyptian Mythology," by Dr. Pritchard.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

THE giants being entirely defeated, Jupiter after some time called a council of the gods, in order to inform them of the increasing wickedness of the inhabitants of the earth, and of his determination to destroy the whole human race.

This august assembly was convened in the palace of Jupiter, the avenue to which is visible to mortal eyes in a clear serene night, tracing in the firmament a light and splendid track of milky whiteness, known by the name of the galaxy,¹ or milky-way. The superior divinities are said to have their resplendent abodes on each side of this luminous track, while the inferior divinities (*la canaille céleste*) have their dwellings scattered here and there in the vast expanse of ether which surrounds the mount Olympus.

The gods and goddesses being assembled round

the throne of their sovereign, he arose, and having commanded silence, the whole celestial court listened with respectful and mute attention while he related to them divers instances of human depravity, which he had witnessed in a progress he had recently made through a part of this lower world, with a view to investigate the motives and conduct of its inhabitants.

“ In the course of my journey,” said Jupiter, “ I had passed the mountains Menale, Cyllene, and Lyceus; the two former noted for being the retreat of innumerable beasts of prey; the latter almost impassable from the prodigious number of cypress-trees by which it is covered even to the summit; and I arrived about the close of day in the capital of the kingdom of Arcadia; a country governed by the ferocious Lycaon,² of whose cruelty many a sad complaint, accompanied with sighs, tears, and accents of despair, has come wafted to my throne from the abodes of misery and oppression.

“ Twilight was spreading her shadowy veil over the face of nature: I gave some awful tokens of my approach, and the people, struck with consternation and reverence, came to meet me, and prepared to offer me divine honours. Lycaon laughed at their credulity; but not daring to molest a person whom his subjects were disposed to reverence as a

god, he received me with an appearance of pious joy, and conducted me to his palace, into which I had scarcely entered, when he formed the terrible design of destroying me in the night while I slept. Meantime, having ordered an unfortunate stranger to be slain, he caused the mangled limbs of the miserable victim to be cooked and served up for my supper, persuaded that I should not discover the cheat, and that the people would thereby be convinced that my pretensions to divinity were as fallacious as he was inclined to believe them. My wrath was kindled : devouring flames at my command destroyed the palace, and the penates, worthy of such a master. I have, however, permitted the guilty Lycaon to live ; but not in human form. I have sent him howling into the woods metamorphosed into a wolf.

“ Thus have I punished the offences of one wicked family ; but it is not the only one that deserves my vengeance. Erinnyes has taken possession of every heart ; and men seem to have bound themselves as by an oath to commit all kinds of outrage and iniquity. The measure of their crimes is now full. They are an offence to my eyes, and I have determined to destroy them.”

The celestial assembly approved the justice of the determination, but could not help lamenting

that their worship would be at an end, as there would be none left to burn incense on their altars. —Jupiter, however, consoled them by a promise that he would give existence to another race of mortals who should be more devoted to their worship, and more worthy of their protection ; “ a race,” said he, “ whose origin shall be wonderful.”

Observations.—The council or assembly of the gods is the subject of many beautiful paintings on the vaulted ceilings of splendid apartments in the superb palaces of Italy. That of the Grand-duke of Tuscany displays a much admired painting of this subject by a living artist, Il Signor Benvenuti, president of the Scuola de Belle Arti at Florence.

Statues or busts of Jupiter are to be seen in almost every gallery, and may generally be distinguished by the calm serenity of his aspect, even though armed with his thunderbolts. On one side of a square marble altar in the Capitoline Museum is a fine basso-relievo representation of the gods assembled to do homage to Jupiter on his accession to the throne of Olympus, or Heaven. The gods and goddesses appear with their respective attributes, and at the foot of the altar is a globe, a symbol of the empire of the world.

Notes.—1 *Galaxy*. The galaxy, or milky-way, is that long, white, luminous track which seems to encompass the heavens like a swath or girdle, and which is very perceptible in a clear night, especially when the moon does not appear. This lucid zone is, according to Dr. Herschel, composed of a most extensive stratum of stars of various magnitudes, whose number constantly increases and decreases in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye. The lower class of people of Tuscany call it *La Santa Strada di Roma*. On this subject a lady, many years a resident in that delightful country, has favoured us with the following anecdote :—

“ Soon after my arrival in Florence I took into my service an Italian *contadina*, or peasant. I happened, one evening as she stood near me in the garden, to observe to her that it was very fine weather—“ *Ah ! sì, Signora*, replied she, *e quanto è bella la Santa Strada di Roma !*” I did not understand her; nor did I ask her what she meant, as she was naturally inclined to be talkative, and I wished to avoid giving her an occasion to indulge in a propensity that had often annoyed me. In the course of the summer I had frequently made the same remark about the weather, and I observed that the answer I obtained was generally the same. One evening, my curiosity leading me to wish for an explanation, I said to her, “ Tell me, Catarina, what do you mean by the *Santa Strada di Roma*, and

what has it to do with my remark about the weather? "*Ah, Signora mia,*" replied she with vivacity, *è possibile che lei non conosce la Strada di Roma! Di grazia venga nel giardino, ed io gliela farò vedere.*" I accordingly followed her into the garden, where, stretching her hands towards heaven, she exclaimed, "*Eccola! Vede, cara Signora. Guardi quella bella traccia di luce, che si stende come un baldachino sopra la Santa Strada di Roma.*" This was the galaxy, which looked remarkably bright and clear, and was devoutly believed by this poor woman to be a sort of pavilion that in breadth and length exactly covered the road to Rome. I have since been informed that in other parts of Italy the milky-way is called by the people *Il trotto del asino*; and they believe it to be a canopy that extends itself over the route by which the Holy Family are supposed to have made their flight into Egypt. In the neighbourhood of Loretto this lucid track bears the more elegant appellation of *La traccia degli angioli portatori*; and is imagined to be a stream of light that marks the passage of the angels who bore the house of the *Madonna* (the Virgin Mary) from Nazareth to Loretto.—For an account of this house, and some articles of its furniture, see an entertaining work entitled, "*A Sketch of a Tour on the Continent,*" by Sir J. E. Smith, president of the Linneæan Society.

2 *Lycaon*.—This prince is supposed to be the second

of this name who reigned in Arcadia. He is said to have offered human victims on the altars of the god Pan. The object of this superstitious immolation were strangers, who had the misfortune to come into his dominions.

The monarch of the ocean triumphed ! The monsters of the deep gambolled where flocks and herds had been wont to graze ; and the Nereides, astonished, beheld the finest works of man, with temples, cities and palaces engulphed beneath the billows of the raging sea.

Era già il mare a tanta altezza giunto
 Che superava ogni superbo monte.
 E, per tutto, era il mar con mar congiunto.
 Fatto era mare, il lago, il fiume e il fonte.
 Il mar potea vedersi in ogni punto
 Bagnare intorno intorno ogni orizzonte.
 Tutto il mondo era mar per ogni sito,
 Nè il mare avea da verun lato, lito.

Se i nuvoli, e le nebbie folte e nere
 Non t' avesser celato, Apollo, il volto
 Come avresti sofferto di vedere
 Il mondo, a cui tu splendi, in mar sepolto ?
 Avresti il pianto potuto tenere ?
 Non avresti il carro altrove volto ?
 Ma tu, per non vedere caso sì duro,
 Ti velesti d' un nembo affatto oscuro.

ANGUÏL.

Observations.—Among the paintings of the immortal Raphael in the Vatican Palace at Rome, is one that represents the deluge ; and in the Palazzo Doria is a representation of the same subject by Luca Giordano, said to be a very valuable picture. The Museum of Paris contains a painting

of this awful subject by Poussin, one of the best pieces of that celebrated artist ; and there is one by Bassano in the royal palace of Hampton Court, near London.

Note.—1 *Flood of waters.* Commonly called a deluge. The ancients made mention of several of these. Pausanias enumerated five, all of them local and partial in their effects. Of these, the most remarkable is that which overflowed the country of Thessaly in the reign of its king, Deucalion ; and it appears that the poets, in their description of this inundation, have united the accounts which they had gathered from tradition respecting the general deluge.

DEUCALION AND PYRRHA.

IN the beautiful region of Phocis, a country of Greece which separates Beotia from Locris, stands the lofty Parnassus¹ with its double summit, rising above the clouds. On this mountain Deucalion king of Thessaly, and his wife Pyrrha, both of them remarkable for their reverence of the gods, were saved from the general destruction occasioned by the deluge; for Jupiter, having observed their exemplary piety, determined to confer on them the honour of restoring the human race.

Aquilo, being now released from his confinement, was commanded by the sovereign of the gods to dissipate the clouds; and Neptune, ever disposed to second the intentions of his august brother, ordered Triton to sound his shell as a signal for the rivers to retire into their proper channels, and for the ocean to withdraw his foam-

ing billows. This signal was obeyed. The waters retired; and the earth appeared with its mountains, trees, and edifices, of which last, the principal were certain sanctuaries or temples that had been consecrated to Jupiter and the superior divinities of his council.

Deucalion and Pyrrha having sprinkled their garments with the water of the river Cephissus, hastened to pay their devotions in the temple of Themis, where, on consulting the oracle² respecting the manner in which the world was to be re-peopled, they received the following answer:—

“Leave this temple. Veil your faces. Loosen your garments; and throw behind you the bones of your grandmother.” Puzzled by this ambiguous command, the pious couple walked away in silence, and after reflecting for some time on what might be the precise meaning of the oracle, Deucalion expressed his opinion that the bones of their grandmother signified the stones of the earth, the original parent of all living creatures. They accordingly gathered stones, and throwing them over their shoulders as they walked, soon perceived that he had guessed rightly. Those thrown by Deucalion became men, while the smoother, lighter pebbles that fell from the hands of the gentle Pyrrha were transformed into women.

Thus the earth became peopled with new inhabitants—a race of men formed for labour ; robust, bold, stout, and bearing strong indications of their hardy origin.

Così ripieno fu, d' uomini il mondo,
 Che del loro natio, per poco stima
 Girar fra i poli, e l' equinozio il tondo
 Fin che abitaron ogni paese e clima. ANO.

Observations.—In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a painting by *Le Minga*, which represents Deucalion and Pyrrha at the foot of a mountain. They are covered with long veils, and casting stones over their shoulders, which appear to be gradually transforming into men and women.

Notes.—1 *Parnassus*. The highest mountain of Phocis, a country of Greece, of which the capital was the celebrated city of Delphi. The top of Mount Parnassus rises into two peaks, one of which was consecrated to Bacchus, the god of wine, the other to Apollo and the muses. Between these peaks is the famous fountain of Castalia, whose waters were supposed to endow those who drank of them with the glowing spirit of poetic inspiration. The ancients believed that Parnassus stood exactly in the middle of the earth,

which they imagined to be a vast extended plane of a circular form,

Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence—Nothing's strange abode,

YOUNG.

2 *Oracle*. The oracle was the most august and the most religious species of prediction known to the ancient Pagans. The priests taking advantage of the foolish and inordinate desire of men to know what should befall them in future, encouraged their inquiries on this subject, and on certain occasions enjoined them as a sort of religious duty. The oracle, or answer to these inquiries, was in many cases pronounced by the priests themselves, and in others, delivered by statues, trunks of trees, and other inanimate objects, the unconscious instruments of sacerdotal fraud and imposture. The invention and establishment of oracles proved a source of incalculable riches to the priesthood, as the devout inquirer always came charged with offerings of a value proportionate to his wealth or his credulity.

PYTHON SLAIN BY APOLLO.

THE humidity and slime which the waters of the deluge had left on the earth being heated by the action of the sun, very soon engendered myriads of insects and other animals, many of which had been till then unknown. Among the variety of monsters thus produced was the enormous serpent Python, whose unwieldy bulk is said to have covered several acres of ground.

This huge animal was employed by Juno as an agent or instrument of vindictive jealousy and persecution against Latona, one of the favourites of Jupiter. The indignant queen of Olympus engaged the earth to refuse Latona a place where she might repose secure from the attacks of this monster. But Neptune, compassionating her misfortunes, transformed her into a quail, and she flew off to Delos, an island in the Egean sea,

which he had caused to rise from the bottom of the ocean on purpose to receive her. In this island she was restored to her natural form, and became the mother of *two* beautiful twin-children, Apollo¹ and Diana.

Apollo soon began to amuse himself by shooting the fleet and timid animals of the woods; an exercise by which he became uncommonly expert in the use of the bow; and growing proud of his skill and prowess, he determined to avenge the persecutions and sufferings of his mother by attacking the terrible Python. In this daring and perilous attempt his quiver was entirely exhausted, but the innumerable arrows it had contained were not without effect. The dragon expired, covered with wounds, from which issued streams of blood and venom.

The skin of this extraordinary serpent being preserved, was afterwards used as a covering for the sacred tripod of the Pythia,² the priestess of the oracle of Delphi.

In order that time might never be able to efface the remembrance of this glorious achievement, Apollo instituted certain festivals and exercises, called the Pythian Games.³ These were celebrated every fifth year, and the champion who proved vic-

torious in the various exercises of running, wrestling, &c. received a garland formed of oak, palm, or beech leaves, as the reward of his courage and address. The laurel was not then in use. Apollo was yet far from suspecting how dear to him its verdant foliage would one day become. The wreath that bound his temples was gathered with careless hand from the various trees of the forest without choice or preference.

Observations.—There scarcely exists in any country a museum or gallery of the fine arts that does not contain one or more statues of Apollo; and the paintings exhibiting this celebrated divinity are so numerous, that a list of them would fill a volume. Few of these works of art can be mentioned here. At the head of these few must stand a figure which is pronounced by connoisseurs and artists to be the finest statue in the world; this is an Apollo Pythias which adorns the Vatican Palace at Rome. It is called *the Apollo of Belvedere*, which is the name of a court of the palace, surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, and commanding a fine prospect. This sublime statue occupies one of the niches, and near it is another piece of antique sculpture, scarcely less wonderful in de-

sign and execution. It exhibits the death of Laocoon (who was a priest of Apollo) and his two sons.

On the promontory of Actium there stood a colossal statue of Apollo Pythias, which served as a mark for mariners to avoid the dangerous rocks that lay near the coast. Augustus, before the battle of Actium, addressed himself to it for victory, which having obtained, he built a superb temple to Apollo on the Palatine hill, which was adorned with a remarkably fine statue, and enriched with a valuable library.

The famous Colossus of Rhodes, which was reckoned one of the seven principal wonders of the world, was an Apollo Pythias.

One of the most splendid temples in the city of Athens was consecrated to Apollo Pythias. It was built by order of Pisistratus. The ruins of this noble edifice excited the curiosity and wonder of travellers for many ages.

In Amiclea, a city of Laconia, was a statue of Apollo Pythias in bronze, thirty cubits high. The Spartans wished to gild this statue, but were never able to procure a sufficient quantity of gold for that purpose.

In the Florentine Gallery is an admirable Apollo Pythias in a sitting posture, with the serpent at

his feet; and there is another exactly like it in the royal palace at Versailles.

Note.—1 *Apollo*. Cicero enumerates five divinities or heroes who bore the name of Apollo, of whom all the various achievements and qualities have been attributed to the god who presided over the temple and oracle of Delphi, the son of Jupiter and Latona. Apollo was considered as the god of day, of music, of poetry and the fine arts, of medicine, of archery, &c. His worship was universally established, and his temples were innumerable. Some of the mythologists have confounded Apollo with Sol or Phœbus; and others have considered them as distinct personages. The statues that represent this god, under the various characters above-mentioned, are distinguished by the names of Apollo Pythias, Apollo Medicus, Apollo Musagetes, &c. The muses acknowledged him as their chief.

2 *Pythia*. The most celebrated of all the oracles was that of Delphi. Its answers were delivered by a priestess called the Pythia, who was supposed to receive divine inspiration by being seated on a sacred tripod, or hollow triangular stool placed over a chasm or hole in the earth, from whence exhaled a sulphureous vapour which soon threw her into a sort of delirium, during which she howled, cried, and uttered divers incoherent and unintelligible expressions. These

were noted down by an attendant priest, of whom there were five attached to the service of the temple; and being arranged and put in order, were delivered to the inquirer, for the most part in hexameter verse.

The oracular responses were commonly very ambiguous, and in many instances concealed a double meaning; so that, in whatever way the subject of inquiry might terminate, the truth of the prediction could not be impeached or called in question. Cræsus, meditating a hostile incursion, an invasion on the territories of another prince, hastened to consult the oracle respecting the success of his projected enterprise, and was told, that if he crossed the Halys, he would overthrow a great empire. Flushed with the hope of conquest, he passed the river, was defeated, and found that the empire thus overthrown was his own.

3 *Pythian Games*. Some authors assert that the exercises at these games were merely a strife of music. It is even said that Hesiod was refused admittance to them because he could not play on the harp, which was required of all such as entered the lists.

The musical composition, sung on these occasions, was called the *Pythian Modes*. It was divided into five parts, expressing the fight and victory of Apollo over Python:—1st, *The preparation for the fight*; 2d, *the attack*; 3d, *taking breath and collecting courage*; 4th, *the insulting sarcasms of the god over his*

*vanquished enemy ; 5th, imitation of the hissings of the expiring serpent. A dance was also introduced. The Romans are said to have adopted these games, which they called *Apollinares Ludi*.*

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

APOLLO, triumphing in the glory of his conquest over the serpent Python, had the temerity to laugh at Cupid,¹ and to dispute with him the power of his arrows. "Poor child!" said he, "how canst thou think of bearing arms so much superior to thy strength? That quiver would suit my shoulders better than thine. Hast thou not heard of the fame I have acquired by slaying the terrible Python? Take my advice: be content to use thy torch, and never think to emulate me in the use of the bow."

"Thy arrows, O Apollo!" replied Cupid, "may carry death in every direction. 'Thou mayest with unerring hand wound animals and men. But I shall wound even thee. Thy glory and thy triumphs are as much inferior to mine as the animals thou hast pursued are inferior to thy-

self." He said, and fanning the air with his rosy wings, flew away to seek a temporary repose on the cloud-covered summit of Mount Parnassus.

Awaking from a delicious slumber, Cupid recollected his late conversation with Apollo, and, drawing from his quiver two chosen arrows, the one pointed with gold, whose touch had the power of inspiring love; the other with lead, the property of which is to produce aversion; he aimed the first at the heart of the divine Apollo, who immediately became enamoured of the beautiful Daphne,² daughter of Peneus, the tutelar divinity of the majestic river that bears his name; while the nymph, smitten by the winged dart, the effect of which was so contrary, conceived for him the most pointed aversion.

In vain Apollo sighed: in vain represented to the lovely Daphne the advantages she would derive from a union with him. Unheeding and inflexible, she remained insensible to the charms of the divine eloquence that flowed from his tongue, and fled at his approach.

"Stay, lovely Daphne," cried Apollo; "turn, and cast one look on a lover that adores you. You fly from me because you do not know who I am. I owe not my birth to some unknown and simple shepherd of the mountains. I am the son of Jupi-

ter. The inhabitants of Claros, Tenedos, Delphi and Patera are my subjects, and offer me divine honours in their temples. I am the god of music and medicine. I know the nature and qualities of plants. Alas! are there none that can administer a remedy for the fever which devours me?"

Daphne stopped not to listen, but continued her flight, her lovely tresses streaming to the wind and augmenting her beauty. Apollo perceiving that she was already at a considerable distance, determined to lose no more time in endeavouring to attract her attention to his discourse, and forthwith began to pursue her with more than mortal swiftness.

Terrified at the pursuit of Apollo, and feeling her force abandoning her in this unequal course, in which her lover gained ground on her at every step, Daphne addressed an ardent prayer to her father, Peneus, imploring him to deprive her at once of that beauty which was the cause of her misfortunes (for such she considered the pursuit of an admirer whom she could not love), or suffer the earth to swallow her up.

Her supplication was not preferred in vain; for suddenly she felt her feet fasten to the

ground; a thin bark rose round her beautiful body; her fine arms and fingers, as she stretched them towards heaven, were insensibly changed into branches and twigs covered with shining leaves, and she became a laurel; a tree which to this day forms the principal ornament of the banks of the river Peneus.

Apollo beholding the metamorphosis, struck his radiant forehead. Love, disappointment and sorrow agitated his mind, and he exclaimed — “Oh Daphne! never canst thou now become my bride; but thou shalt ever be my favourite tree. My temples, my lute and my quiver shall constantly be adorned with thy leaves; and in ages to come they shall encircle the brow of the Latin warrior, a glorious insignia of victory and renown, when, returning from distant lands in all the pride of conquest, he shall proceed towards the Capitol amidst the acclamations of the people, and in all the pomp of well-deserved triumph! Thy branches entwined with those of the majestic oak shall shade and adorn the massy portals of a noble palace, the dwelling of a monarch whose empire is destined to extend over people and nations that, like himself, are yet unborn; and thy brilliant foliage, like the hair of thy celestial lover, which

can never be effected by the withering influence of time or age, shall bloom and flourish in immortal verdure."

Apollo ceased. The branches of this chaste and beautiful tree suddenly waved in the air with a rustling noise, and its top bent gently towards the earth, in token of reverence and gratitude for this sublime proof of preference and distinction.

Observations.—Few are the galleries or museums that do not contain some representations of Cupid. A figure of this divinity was considered as the master-piece of the celebrated Praxiteles, a sculptor of Magna Grecia, who flourished 324 years before the Christian era. This great artist having promised one of his finest pieces to his mistress, Phryne, requested her to make her choice among the most beautiful of his works. Phryne wished to have the best; and as she could not rely on her own judgment, she contrived suddenly to alarm the sculptor with information that his house was on fire, upon which Praxiteles discovered more solicitude to save his Cupid from the flames than any other of his pieces. This anxiety determined the choice of Phryne. Caius Cæsar purchased this admirable Cupid of the

Thespians (to whom Phryne had bequeathed it in her will), and caused it to be carried to Rome; but it was afterwards sent back to Thespia by Claudius. Nero at length obtained possession of it, and it was again brought to Rome. A copy of this fine statue adorns the museum of the Capitol; and there is another in the Palazzo Albani.

In the south corridor of the Medici Gallery at Florence is a much admired antique statue of Cupid menacing the gods.

Cupids of celestial beauty, and breathing as it were the very soul of love, have been sculptured by some of our living artists; who will, doubtless, like the late lamented Canova, leave to posterity a deathless name.

On the west side of the Medici Gallery is a pretty group, representing two Cupids wrestling. The ancients mention two Cupids; one of whom bore the surname of Eros, the inspirer of ingenuous and pure affection; the other was called Anteros, the author of unchaste love that corrupted the hearts of his votaries.

Cupid was the principal divinity of the city of Thespia; in which he had a beautiful temple, and a statue that, according to Cicero, attracted the attention and admiration of all travellers.

In the Villa Borghese, near Rome, are the admirable statues of Apollo and Daphne, by Bernini. "The Daphne," says Sir J. E. Smith, "is a wonderful performance. The change of her fingers and hair into leaves, and the roots shooting from her toes, are represented with such happy boldness and ingenuity, that one almost forgets it is a poetical fiction." This admirable group, the several figures of which are as large as life, is considered by connoisseurs as a master-piece of its kind, though it is one of the artist's earliest productions. Peneus, one of the figures, is covering his face in token of grief.

Among the paintings taken from Herculaneum is one in fine preservation, representing the metamorphosis of Daphne.

St. Jean Chrysostome mentions a superb statue of Apollo that was in the suburbs of Antioch. The figure held in one hand a lyre, and in the other a cup, with which he appeared to be making a libation to the earth that covered the roots of the tree into which Daphne had been transformed. Millin asserts that the people maintain with pertinacious credulity that the adventure of Daphne happened there; and pretend even to this day to show the identical tree produced by this meta-

morphosis. What notion can be too absurd for superstition and credulity !!!

Notes.—1 *Cupid*. Innumerable are the Cupids, Amorini or Loves, to which the imaginations of the poets have given existence; and all of them are represented as occasionally attending the goddess of beauty. But the Cupid *par excellence*, that is to say, the God of Love, is generally acknowledged to be the son of Jupiter and Venus. He is for the most part represented as a beautiful, lively, roguish little boy, about six or seven years of age, having wings of rose-colour, azure, purple, or gold. Sometimes he bears a lighted torch; and sometimes he has a quiver full of arrows suspended at his left shoulder, and a bow in his hand. His influence was universally acknowledged. His power over the earth was expressed by his being mounted on a lion with a lyre in his hands: over the sea, by being seated on, and guiding a dolphin: over the air, by his being occupied in catching butterflies; and in heaven, by his breaking the *fulmen* or thunderbolts of Jupiter. Which last trait is thus elegantly described by Dr. Darwin in his “Botanic Garden:”

On wanton wing intrepid Love
Snatch'd the rais'd lightning from the hand of Jove;

Quick o'er his knee the triple bolt he bent,
The cluster'd darts and forky arrows rent.
Snapp'd with illumin'd hands each flaming shaft,
His tingling fingers shook, and stamp'd, and laugh'd.
Bright o'er the floor the scatter'd fragments blaz'd ;
And gods retreating, trembled as they gaz'd.
The immortal sire, indulgent to his child,
Shook his ambrosial locks, and Heaven relenting smil'd.

2 *Daphne*. The word *Daphne* signifies a laurel. It is a fine evergreen tree ; of which great numbers grow on the banks of the Peneus, which was the principal river of Greece. The river (or its presiding spirit) being personified, the laurels that adorned his banks might with great poetical propriety be called his daughters ; and among these one might be much more beautiful than the rest ; as was the case with those that grew in the royal gardens of Latinus in Italy : one of which, on account of its extraordinary beauty, was particularly consecrated to Apollo, and is immortalised by a fine episode in the seventh book of the *Eneid* of Virgil. Some authors even assert that the people of the country obtained their name of *Laurentini* from this celebrated tree.

The ancients believed that the laurel was never struck by lightning ; a belief which prevails among many of the castes or tribes of India to this day. Several of the Roman emperors were in the habit of covering their heads with laurel whenever it thundered.

Poets, musicians, orators, and heroes, were presented with crowns of this brilliant evergreen, as a reward or insignia of superior talent and prowess. For these garlands the beautiful species called the Alexandrine laurel was preferred, as being more tasty and elegant, and more becoming to the countenance.

ADVENTURES OF IO.

PENEUS, the father of Daphne, in deep affliction withdrew to his palace, a grotto of mount Pindus, from whence issues the impetuous river that bears his name. This mighty stream rushes precipitately down the mountain, foaming and raging among the rocks that oppose its passage ; and thence taking a winding course through the delicious vale of Tempe, where the tops of many of the loftiest trees are sprinkled by the spray that here and there rises like a white cloud from its turbulent waves, terminates its noisy course by falling into the Egean sea, near the city of Therma.

The gods of the other rivers of Greece, being informed of the wonderful metamorphosis of the lovely Daphne, hastened to visit Peneus in his retreat ; hesitating, however, and uncertain whether

they should condole with him on the loss of the nymph, or congratulate him on the immortal honours which in her new form she was destined to receive. Among the most distinguished of these tutelar divinities were Sperchius, Enipeus, Apidanus, Amphrysus, Eas, and others. The venerable Inachus alone was absent. He, alas! had withdrawn himself into the deepest recesses of his rocky dwelling, there to weep the absence of a beloved daughter, of whose fate he was totally ignorant. This daughter was the lovely Io, priestess of the temple of Juno at Argos.

Jupiter, it seems, had observed this beautiful nymph as she was returning from a visit to her father, and being struck with admiration at her appearance, tried to draw her into conversation; but Io, far from being flattered by this instance of his condescension, fled from his presence with the utmost precipitation. Jupiter pursued her into the woods, but pursued in vain: her flight was as the speed of an arrow from the bow.

Io having in her rapid course traversed the pasture-lands and meadows which border the lake of Lerna, and crossed the long extent of open fields at the foot of Mount Lyceus, found herself all at once enveloped in a thick cloud, which suddenly spread a more than midnight darkness on her

path, and over all the adjacent country. Farther flight was now impracticable; and poor Io, seized with terror and consternation, uttered the most piercing lamentations: when suddenly she heard the voice of her celestial admirer, assuring her in the most gentle accents of his favour and protection. Jupiter, who had at first followed her in her rapid course, soon abandoned the chase; but as he did not abandon the desire of seeing and conversing with the lovely object of his pursuit, he caused this cloud to arrest her in her swift career by involving her steps in darkness.

At this moment Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter, happening from her celestial abode to look down upon her favourite country of Argolis, was greatly astonished to see it involved in pitchy darkness in the middle of a fine day. The goddess was perfectly convinced that this extraordinary obscurity could not be the effect of vapours arising from the lake, or of any humidity exhaling from the ground, so she went to ask her husband to explain to her the cause of this phenomenon. On being informed that he was absent, her natural propensity to jealousy suggested a suspicion that, in pursuit of some favourite rival, he might have been induced to cause this sudden darkness for some purpose essential to the success of his pro-

ject. Piqued and mortified beyond measure at the idea that, under any circumstances, the company of a poor mortal, a child of the dust, should be preferred to hers, she descended in great agitation towards the earth, and commanding the clouds to disperse, advanced majestically towards the place where Jupiter was sitting, who, being aware of her approach and dreading the consequences of her anger against the lovely Io, had adroitly transformed the unfortunate nymph into a beautiful white heifer.

Juno suspected some trick; but thinking it prudent to dissimulate, she strove to conceal her embarrassment, and smiling on her husband, gently reproached him for his absence, and sat down by him with great apparent affection and complacency. The heifer, however, occupied her attention: she was lavish in her commendations of its beauty, and asked a thousand questions respecting its origin, and the herd to which it belonged: to all which inquiries Jupiter returned very evasive answers. The goddess at length ventured to beg that he would make her a present of this beautiful animal.

Jupiter alarmed at a request that might prove inimical to the happiness of poor Io, knew not what to do. To refuse, would be to betray his secret: to

comply, would be treason to the friendship he had professed for the nymph whom he had brought into this unmerited trouble. Being unable, however, to find a plausible pretext for refusing the partner of his throne a present, which appeared to be of so small value, he reluctantly acceded to her request; and Io became the property of the jealous and implacable Juno.

The queen of Olympus, rejoicing in the success of her artifice, gave the heifer in charge to Argus, a person so renowned for his care, foresight, and vigilance, that he was said to have a hundred eyes, of all which, during his sleep, only a small number were shut at a time. This attentive guardian fulfilled his task with care and circumspection, following his lowing charge by day into the fields, and shutting her up securely at night.

One day as she was grazing on the banks of the river Inachus, the loved scene of her youthful sports, she perceived her father, and approached him with playful familiarity. Inachus, being surprised at the gentleness and tameness of this fine animal, presented her herbs and flowers, which she took from his hand, caressing and licking him with her large rough tongue.

Io longed to make herself known to her father, but she was unable to speak, and knew not how to

make him understand what she most ardently wished to communicate. At length, however, she thought of tracing with her foot on the sand the sad story of her metamorphosis. We must leave the imagination to conceive the surprise and affliction of the unhappy father. No words can do justice to his feelings. Mingling his caresses with the most despairing lamentations, he sobbed and wept on his daughter's neck: Argus perceived him, and rudely withdrawing the heifer, led her away to other pastures, and seated himself on the declivity of a mountain, from whence he had a full view of the plain in which she fed.

Jupiter, pitying the situation of the unfortunate nymph, sent his son Mercury to deliver her. "Go," said the sovereign of the gods, "go and destroy Argus. It is my will that Io be transported into Egypt, there to preside over the waters of the Nile: the winds that breathe their fertilising influence on that majestic river shall be subject to her controul; and grateful navigators, as they speed their trackless course on the bosom of the mighty ocean, shall acknowledge that to her they owe their safety and protection."

Mercury, obedient to the mandate of his father, disguised himself in the habit of a shepherd, and conducting a small number of goats, played on his

flute as he advanced towards the place where Argus had taken his seat. This species of musical instrument was then but little known, and Argus had never heard it. He was exceeding pleased with the sound, and invited Mercury to come and sit near him; and as he appeared very anxious to be informed how the flute came to be invented, Mercury satisfied his curiosity by relating to him a pretty story about Pan and the nymph Syrinx, the recital of which he interrupted at frequent intervals to play certain airs, which he thought might have a tendency to lull Argus to sleep.

“ Among the nymphs of the mountains of Arcadia,” said Mercury, “ one of the most remarkable for her beauty was Syrinx the daughter of Ladon. Her inclinations resembled those of the chaste Diana, to whom she was entirely devoted; and so much did she resemble that goddess in her appearance, that but for the difference of her bow, which was made of horn, while that of Diana was of silver, it would have been almost impossible to have distinguished her from the beautiful object of her adoration.

“ On a certain day, as Syrinx was descending the mount Lyceus, she met the god Pan,¹ who, being struck with admiration of her beauty, made her some very fine compliments, and endeavoured

by every means in his power to engage her attention; but she fled from him with great precipitation. Pan pursued; while Syrinx, praying the Naiades to protect her, continued her flight towards the river, where Pan overtook her, and stretching out his arms to seize his lovely prize, he found, to his great disappointment, that he had grasped only a bundle of reeds, into which she had been suddenly transformed, and which, as he sighed over them, sent forth a soft lamenting sound in unison with his feelings. From these reeds he formed a flute of seven pipes, with the melody of which he soothes his sorrows, and holds the divinities of the woods in mute attention."

Mercury having finished his story, observed, to his great satisfaction, that Argus, lulled by the alternate sounds of his flute and his voice, had fallen into a state of drowsiness and slumber, so that scarcely one of his hundred eyes remained open. To render his sleep profound, he touched them with his caduceus, which had been previously prepared for that purpose by being rubbed with certain soporific juices.

The wily messenger of Jupiter, finding that Argus was now completely in his power, drew forth a cimeter which he had concealed under his

cloak, and with one deadly blow severed his head from his body.

Juno was exceedingly grieved at the loss of Argus, and caused his hundred eyes, now for ever deprived of the powers of vision, to be placed as ornaments on the tail of her favourite bird, the peacock. Some authors have asserted that she even transformed Argus himself into a peacock, in order to have him for her constant attendant.

The hatred and wrath of Juno against the unfortunate Io now became more implacable than ever, and she inspired the mind of that unhappy nymph with such extraordinary fears and terrors, that she became quite frantic. This frenzy is by some attributed to the incessant buzzing and stinging of a large gad-fly, which the vengeful goddess caused the earth to produce, on purpose to torment this her wretched victim, who ran hither and thither in a state of absolute madness. Driven to despair, she plunged into the deep, that part of which has been ever since called the Ionian sea, passed into Illyricum and Thrace, swam across the Bosphorus, ran over Scythia, and the mountains of Caucasus, and after traversing all Asia, pursued her furious career towards Africa. Being arrived on the banks of the Nile, she became calm, stopped, knelt down, and raising her head

towards heaven, implored Jupiter, with loud and long continued lowings, to take pity on her sufferings. Her prayer was heard. She was restored to her natural form, and after many other adventures, she became queen of Egypt, and ultimately received divine honours under the name of Isis.²

In process of time Io had a son, a fine, high-spirited, lively boy, whom she named Epaphus; some have called him Apis, which was also the name of the sacred ox honoured by the Egyptians as the living symbol of the great Osiris.

Observations.—Agostino Caracci, in his splendid picture of *omnia vincit amor*, has represented Pan cast on the ground and vanquished by Cupid.

There exists an invaluable painting by Jordaens, which represents Pan sitting under a beech-tree and playing on the syrinx or flute of seven pipes. This picture is said to be a master-piece of its kind.

A fine fresco painting in the Palazzo Farnese represents the adventure of Serynga or Syrinx, with her metamorphosis.

In the Villa Ludovisi is a fine piece of sculpture representing Pan and Syrinx.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence are some

fine statues of Pan. The celebrated Faun is supposed by some to have been designed for a figure of this god. There is also a terminal figure of Pan at Florence, with an exceedingly mild countenance. He has a goat on his shoulder, and a milking-pail in his right hand. This is supposed by the author of the *Polymetis* to be the Pan invoked by Virgil in his first *Georgic*. Silius, a much esteemed Roman poet, who lived in the time of Nero, and was consul in the latter part of the reign of that emperor, calls Pan the "mild god," and the "inspirer of mildness;" and our poet Milton calls him "the bounteous Pan."

In the city of Athens was a superb statue of Pan, with a trophy like that of Mars on his shoulders. It was erected by the Athenians in gratitude for the aid this god was believed to have afforded them in the glorious battle of Marathon.

A beautiful pagan temple at Rome was called the Pantheon, or sanctuary of all the gods. This superb edifice is now consecrated to Christian worship under the name of the Church of All-Saints.

Extensive landscape, marine and architectural paintings, are exhibited in London, Paris, and other cities under the name of *Panorama*, a word signifying *all* that the eye can be supposed to take in at one view.

At Rambouillet, a small but handsome town of France, are many beautiful promenades, and contiguous to it is a fine park in which is a curious edifice called the temple of Io.

Notes.—1 *Pan*. He was considered as the god of all inanimate nature. The ancients, after deifying the various parts of the universe in detail, adored the *tout ensemble* under a monstrous figure, to which they gave the name of Pan, which signifies *all* or *every thing*. The upper part of his body is human, but he has two small horns on his head, a ruddy complexion, thick bushy eyebrows, a flat nose, and the skin of his breast is full of spots, or covered with the tiger's skin, which he wears on his shoulders. The lower part of his body from the waist is like that of a goat. His figure was considered as symbolical of the immensity or whole over which he presided, or was intended to represent. The horns were supposed to figure the moon, or rays of the sun; the vivacity and ruddiness of his complexion expressed the brightness of the heavens; his spotted breast was an emblem of the starry firmament; and his hairy legs and feet denoted the earth covered with shrubs and plants. The seven-piped flute which he held in his hands indicated the seven primary planets or heavenly bodies belonging to the solar system.

Pan's favourite dwelling was said to be in the woods

and mountains of Arcadia. He was the protector of shepherds and hunters, and the inspirer of groundless frights or terrors, which are to this day called "Panic fears." These, in many instances, have been so strong, as to put great bodies of people, and even whole armies, to flight.

In Egypt the worship of Pan was very pompous and sacred. Mendes and Panopolis were consecrated to him, and the medals of these and many other cities bore his impression.—For a farther account of Pan, his amours with Pithys and Echo, and his festivals called Lupercalia, see the "Sequel."

2 *Isis*. It is not generally admitted by mythologists that the Grecian Io became the Isis of the Egyptians.—See the tale or fable of *Osiris and Isis*.

PHAETON.

THE young Epaphus had formed an acquaintance with Phaeton¹ the son of Apollo and Clymene. They passed much of their time together, and their conversation frequently turned on the dignity and grandeur of their descent.

As they sat one day discoursing on their favourite topic, Epaphus dropped a hint that Phaeton had probably been deceived, and that he was not in reality the son of the divine Apollo. Piqued and mortified at this humiliating surmise, Phaeton ran to complain to his mother, and to upbraid her with the duplicity of which Epaphus had tacitly accused her. Clymene felt hurt and offended: she contented herself, however, by calmly advising her son to apply to Apollo himself for any éclaircissement he might wish to obtain on that subject.

Phaeton determined to follow her advice, and accordingly set off, pursuing his way through Ethiopia and India; and after a fatiguing course, he began to ascend towards the palace of the sun. But in a short time, being overcome by the excessive splendour of the throne on which his father sat, attended by an august assemblage of Hours, Days, Months, Seasons, Years, and Ages,² standing round at respective distances from each other, he was compelled to stop short in his progress. Apollo perceived him, and benignly laying aside his blazing diadem, whose rays poured round the celestial regions a glory which Phaeton was unable to endure, encouraged him to advance.

Phaeton, kneeling at the foot of the throne, made known the cause of his affliction, together with the motive that had induced this daring visit. The god of day listened with complacency to his recital, and consoled him by a promise attested by the Styx (an oath which the gods themselves could on no account dispense with or break) that, in proof of the truth of what his mother had told him, or, in other words, in proof of his being indeed his father, he would grant him whatever he should first request. Phaeton, exulting in the success of his application, had the temerity to ask permission to guide the car and horses of Apollo

for one day in their course through the heavens.

Apollo, at once astonished and alarmed at this audacious demand, endeavoured to dissuade Phaeton from the rash attempt, assuring him, that to conduct his flaming car was an enterprise to which the powers of Jupiter himself would be found unequal. He represented in glowing terms the difficulties which, notwithstanding his skill and experience, he himself had daily to encounter in guiding his fiery coursers through the vast expanse of ether, among myriads of heavenly bodies in constant and even contrary motions: he described the furious opposition he met with from the raging bull, the terrific lion, the enormous scorpion, and other monsters of the zodiac. Phaeton could not be dissuaded or diverted from his purpose: he heard unmoved, and remained inflexible in his purpose. Whereupon Apollo, having first anointed his face with a perfumed essence, by which he might be better enabled to resist the excessive heat, and given him some directions respecting his perilous journey, conducted him to the car, which, blazing with precious stones that emitting myriads of rays, poured on all sides a flood of day.

While Phaeton stood rapt in wonder and con-

templation at the view of this master-piece of the immortal artificer Vulcan, the vigilant Aurora with her rosy fingers unbarred the shining portals of the East, and the Hours harnessed the fiery coursers, who already made the vast expanse of heaven resound with their neighings, and heated the air with the flames that issued from their nostrils.

Phaeton ascended the car. The winged coursers struck with their hoofs the barriers of the world, which Tethys immediately opened, and they rushed forward with an impetuosity that nothing could restrain, dividing with their feet the clouds that opposed their passage, and flying before the winds that had risen to accompany them.

The car being lighter than usual offered but little impediment to the rapid progress of the horses, who, finding themselves without restraint, plunged and gambolled in the immeasurable fields of ether. Phaeton in terror let go the reins, which they no sooner felt floating on their sides than they burst through the tropics, the limits of their destined course, and bounded from pole to pole ; sometimes mounting even to the fixed stars, and at others training the car with its

feeble conductor to the very borders of the earth.

The affrighted Phaeton now repented of his rashness, but it was too late ; already the burning axles had set fire to the clouds, which blazed and smoked on every side. The mountains sent forth flames ; Etna burned with double fury ; the snows of Rhodope melted ; the ice of Scythia dissolved ; Caucasus burned with violence ; and the flames of Pindus and Olympus communicated even to the Alps and Apennines. Then it was that the excessive heat, acting on the bodies of the inhabitants of the torrid zone, drew the blood nearer to the skin, and produced that black hue which has ever since distinguished their descendants. The waters of the rivers boiled impetuously along, while the gold of the adjacent mountains melted and mingled with their waves. The seas retired, and Neptune essayed in vain to appear on the surface of the ocean.

In this dreadful extremity the Earth (Terra or Cybele) prayed to the sovereign of the gods for protection ; and Jupiter, propitious to her prayer, seized his thunderbolts and precipitated the unfortunate Phaeton into the Eridan, a river of Italy, now called the Po. The Hesperian nymphs raised a monument to his memory on the banks of this

mighty stream, and inscribed on it the following lines :—

Phaeton, in attempting to emulate the sun,
Immortalised his name—but was undone.

The god of day, sorrowing for the loss of Phaeton, hid his brilliant head, and refused to cheer the world with his presence; while Clymene, accompanied by the Heliades her daughters, traversed the earth in search of the remains of her son.

These wandering mourners having reached the monument consecrated to the memory of Phaeton, prostrated themselves on the ground and wept. His sisters were inconsolable for his loss, and as they wished to remain in this place of sorrow, Jupiter transformed them into poplars, trees which, increasing in number, became, in the course of years, the most abundant and most beautiful sylvan ornaments on the banks of the majestic Eridan.

When Clymene beheld the bark rising round the bodies of her daughters, she attempted to strip it off; but seeing the blood flow from beneath, the wretched mother was obliged to desist. Drops like tears were observed to distil from these beautiful trees. They hardened as they fell, and became a yellow transparent substance resembling amber. These precious tears shed to

the memory of Phaeton were gathered by the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and preserved with so much care, that after a long series of years they were found, and being formed into necklaces, were worn by the ladies of Latium as a very curious and valuable ornament.

Cygnus, a young Ligurian prince, who was the intimate friend of Phaeton, came to weep at his tomb. His grief was excessive, and Jupiter in pity metamorphosed him into a swan. In this new form Cygnus entered the river, and was constantly seen to glide in silence near the spot consecrated to the memory of his rash and unfortunate friend.

Apollo being exceedingly grieved for the loss of his son, refused to conduct the chariot; whereupon the gods assembled round him, imploring him not to leave the world in darkness. But he replied to their entreaties by inviting Jupiter to undertake the task of enlightening the world himself, that he might learn by his own experience how difficult it is to guide the coursers of the sun, and how little Phaeton had deserved death for not being able to govern them. The sovereign of the gods pleaded the absolute necessity of the severity with which he had acted; and after many arguments, reasonings, and expostulations, he

succeeded in engaging Apollo to reascend his glorious car, and again to cheer and bless the earth with his presence.

Observations.—The fine basso-relievo ornaments of a sarcophagus in the Palazzo Borghese at Rome exhibit the fall of Phaeton.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a curious antique basso-relievo representation of this event, with the Heliades changing into poplars. This also forms the ornaments of a sarcophagus.

In a cabinet of the same gallery is a gem of Adrian, which exhibits a personification of the Magnus Annus, or Grand Platonic Year. The figure is that of a fine handsome man clothed in a long loose robe. He stretches his right hand towards heaven, and holds a globe surmounted by a phoenix in his left. He is enclosed by an oval ring, to express the great revolution of time, over which he presides. The gem bears the inscription *Sæculum Aureum*.

In the Villa Borghese the four Seasons are represented in a painting by Albano. Few are the galleries of the fine arts that do not exhibit some symbolical personification of the Seasons—Spring, crowned with buds and opening flowers, and carrying a young lamb; Summer, with a garland

of roses and corn-flowers, and bearing a wheat-sheaf; Autumn, with a wreath of vine-leaves and tendrils, and holding clusters of grapes; and Winter, decrepid, stooping, and covered with a veil, are very common representations.

In various museums at Rome, and in other cities, are basso-relievo representations of the Hours as beautiful nymphs joining hands, and dancing in graceful attitudes, and at equal distances from each other. Amphyction consecrated a temple to the Hours at Athens, where they were honoured as divinities. The moderns sometimes represent them with wings of butterflies, and bearing dials in their hands.

Notes.—1 *Phaeton*. Authors who have supposed it possible to explain the whole series of mythological fable by a comparison with the records of history (an attempt in which they have, for the most part, failed, and disappointed their readers), pretend that Phaeton was a prince who applied himself assiduously to the study of astronomy, and particularly to investigating and determining the course of the sun. He is said to have predicted an excessive heat which desolated the country of Italy in his reign. He was unfortunately drowned in the Eridan; and as he died young, and left his astronomical observations in a very imperfect state,

the poets fabled that he had been found incapable of conducting the sun to the end of his career.

2 Hours, Days, Months, Seasons, Years, and Ages. These have all been personified by the poets: but the artists seem to have confined their representations to the *Magnus Annus*, or Great Platonic Year—the Seasons—and the Hours.

The first of these was a name given to a period of many thousands of years, when the heavenly bodies, as well as all things on earth, would be exactly as they were at the creation. Astronomers have differed in their calculations respecting the number of years necessary to the completion of this period. Cassini mentions 24,800, Tycho Brahe 25,816, and Ricciolus 25,920. The notion of the renovation of the world after a certain period was common to the stoic and Platonic philosophers, but it was a dogma which they never attempted to support by argument.

The Seasons were emblematically represented by human figures with attributes expressive of the particular productions of the earth, over which they respectively presided. The Greeks symbolised them by the figures of women; the Romans by those of men. The Hours or Hours are represented by the artists as lovely young girls having light embroidered robes, as they appear in Guido's *Aurora*, the splendid embellishment of a vaulted ceiling in the Palazzo Respighi at Rome.

CALISTO.

AFTER the tremendous conflagration which the temerity of Phaeton had occasioned, Jupiter descended to the earth, in order to observe and repair the devastation that had been made.

As he was one day passing through a thick wood, in his favourite country of Arcadia, he beheld the beautiful Calisto, one of the attendants of Diana: she was the daughter of Lycaon, king of the country, and his queen Nenocris. Calisto being fatigued with the exercise of the chase, was reposing on the green turf, her head resting on her quiver, which served her for a pillow.

Jupiter assuming the appearance of the goddess to whom the nymph was inviolably attached, approached her, and entered into conversation; while the unsuspecting Calisto, delighted with this condescension on the part of the divinity she

adored, expressed her joy in the most artless manner, and looked more than usually beautiful.

After some time, the sovereign of the gods disclosed to her who he was, and told her that it was his affection for her that had suggested the idea of the disguise, which he had assumed in order to prevent her flight. Calisto, alarmed at this avowal, instantly attempted to withdraw; but Jupiter withheld her, and constrained her to listen to his suit.

The nymphs of Diana were not permitted to hold converse with gods or men. This interview did not long remain a secret. The goddess was informed that Calisto had received a visit from Jupiter, and had been seen conversing with him in the woods. Shocked at this intelligence, she dismissed the unfortunate nymph from her presence.

Calisto, after wandering about in a most disconsolate manner for many months, had a son, whom she named Arcas, and of whom she was very fond. Time passed on, and the playful and innocent caresses of this dear child had, in some measure, mitigated her sorrow, when Juno, becoming jealous of Jupiter's attention to this young huntress, determined to destroy her beauty; she accordingly followed her into the woods, seized her by

her beautiful hair, dragged her to the ground, and after a variety of ill-treatment, metamorphosed her into a bear.

Quel, sì leggiadro e grazioso aspetto
Che piacque tanto al gran rettor del cielo,
Divenne un fero e spaventoso obbietto
Agli occhi altrui, sotto odioso velo.
L' umana mente solo, e l' intelletto
Servò sotto l' irsuto e rozzo pelo.
Questa, che in ogni parte orsa divenne
L' antica mente sua, solo ritenne.

Se, Giove ingrato ben chiamar non puote
Ingrato dentro all' animo, il compreude,
E se non può con le dolente note.
Quelle mani che puote, al ciel distende
E in tutti gli atti suoi, par che dinote
Che tutto il mal ch' ella ha, da lui dipende ;
Che ha per lui il volto e l' enor suo perduto
E che appartenga a lui, di darle ajuto.

The young Arcas, son of the unfortunate Calisto, being accustomed to throw the javelin and draw the bow, pursued the wild beasts on the mountains of Erymanthus. He had been for some time absent from his mother, and was yet ignorant of the manner in which she had been treated by the implacable Juno, when, one day, as he was passing at the foot of the mountain, he chanced to meet her. Poor Calisto with all a mother's fondness stopped to consider him. Arcas was terrified

at her appearance, while she, unmindful of her frightful metamorphosis, and following only the dictates of maternal affection, began fondly to advance towards him; whereupon he bent his bow, and taking aim at her, would have killed her; but Jupiter prevented this act of parricide by arresting his arm; and having given him a form similar to that of his mother, appointed them both a place in the heavens, where they appear as two neighbouring constellations,¹ known to us by the names of the “Great” and the “Little Bear.”

Juno being exceedingly vexed at seeing Calisto and Arcas placed among the heavenly bodies, went to make her complaint to Oceanus and Tethys, by whom she had been educated. They listened to her story with great emotion, and endeavoured to console her by a promise that these new stars should never be permitted to bathe in their waters. They are accordingly placed so near the north-pole that they never get below our horizon.

Observations.—The metamorphosis of Calisto is the subject of one of the most admirable paintings in the Palazzo Farnese at Rome, the work of the brothers Caracci.

In the gallery of the Grand-duke of Tuscany is a very large painting by Soliméné, a native of Nocera, near Naples, who died in 1747, which represents Diana bathing, and dismissing the lovely and faithful Calisto from among the number of her attendants.

Among upwards of two thousand superb paintings in the Palazzo Borghese, of which seventeen hundred are said to be originals, one of the most striking is Domenichino's large picture of Diana surrounded by her nymphs. Sir J. E. Smith mentions this piece as a most attractive assemblage of feminine beauty, and in every respect worthy of the immortal artist.

Note.—1 *Constellations.* The constellation of *Ursa Major*, the Great Bear, was sometimes called *Helice*, in allusion to the birth-place of Calisto, said to be the city of Helice, in Achaia. The four stars in the body and the three in the tail of *Ursa Major* are vulgarly called Charles's Wain or Waggon: the two hindermost of these are distinguished by the name of the *Pointers*, because they point or serve to conduct the eye to *Cynosura*, the polar star, so called from its proximity to the north-pole, from which its distance is not more than two degrees. The *Cynosura* is a star of *Ursa Minor*, the Little Bear; a constellation by

which the Phœnicians and early Greeks, who knew nothing of the mariner's compass, used to direct their course in sailing.

Diodorus Siculus informs us that travellers in the sandy plains of Arabia were accustomed to direct their course by the Bears; i. e. by the constellations so called. Travellers in these pathless deserts now probably use the compass.

Mr. Butler, in his "Exercises on the Globes," has a note to this effect; and having mentioned the mariner's compass, takes occasion to observe, that in the year 1813, the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Westmacott, exhibited at the annual exposition of painting and sculpture at Somerset House a beautiful group, called the "Progress of Navigation." It represents an Amorino (a little Love or Cupid) sailing on a nautilus; another sailing by the guidance of the stars; a third navigating by the more safe and certain assistance of the magnet; and a fourth forging implements of defence for marine combat.

ERICHTHONIUS.¹

JUPITER, the sovereign of the gods, is generally represented as armed with thunderbolts. These instruments of vengeance were forged by the Cyclops under the direction of the immortal artificer Vulcan.² Jupiter being highly pleased with this tremendous present, offered to reward Vulcan by consenting to grant him whatever he should first request. The latter instantly demanded the goddess Minerva in marriage. Jupiter in virtue of his promise was obliged to acquiesce, at least so far as to tell him that he might have her, if she on her part made no objection. But he told Minerva secretly that she certainly should not be obliged to marry against her will; and therefore if she did not like her brawny, swarthy lover, she would do well to be on her guard against his advances.

Vulcan now went to make a visit to the goddess, who assiduously endeavoured to avoid him ; upon which he rudely seized hold of her robe ; a liberty which she instantly resented by hitting him a smart blow with her lance. This repulse disconcerted him so completely that he forthwith abandoned the pursuit together with the project of obtaining her for his wife.

Vulcan afterwards attached himself to Terra, and had a son whom he named Erichthonius. As this child sprang from the earth, the people asserted that he never had a mother.

Minerva, who had in reality a great friendship for Vulcan, though she did not choose to accept him for her husband, determined to adopt this poor little motherless infant, and bring him up as her own. But, alas ! she found him so frightfully deformed, that there could be no hopes of his ever being able to walk, as the lower part of his body resembled that of a dragon or serpent. This circumstance entirely discouraged her, and she packed up the child in a basket, and having fastened down the cover, sent it to the daughters of Cecrops, three young princesses, whose names were Aglaurus, Herse, and Pandrose. The basket was accompanied with an order on the part of Minerva that they should throw it into the river

without daring to examine its contents. Herse and Pandrose were disposed to yield an implicit obedience to the order, but Aglaurus, whose curiosity knew no bounds, opened the basket, and calling her sisters, they all gazed with surprise and pity on this singular infant.

The rook (a species of crow) was at that time a favourite attendant on Minerva. This bird being concealed among the foliage of a thick tufted tree, observed all that passed, and flew away to apprise the goddess of what she had seen. Minerva received the information with marked displeasure; and, as a punishment for tale-bearing, dismissed the officious bird from her presence.

Driven away in disgrace, the prating rook flew from place to place in search of rest and consolation. One day she observed a raven with her silvery white wings extended (for the ravens in those days rivalled the mountain snow in whiteness), and flying with great swiftness as if charged with some very important commissions—"Holla, friend!" said she, "whither are you going so fast?" "I am going," replied the raven, "to inform my master, the divine Apollo, that I have seen his favourite mistress in conversation with a handsome young Thessalian."

"Fly no farther," rejoined the rook; "for be

assured that this communication will prove fatal to your peace. Listen to my story, and despise not my advice. Behold what I now am, and know, that I was once a beautiful princess. My name is Coronis, the daughter of Coroneus, king of Phocis. I was the pride and ornament of his court; and many were the princes who sought me in marriage. One fine evening as I was walking alone on the sea-shore, I stopped to contemplate the vast expanse of waters whose unrippled surface reflected the radiance of the over-arching heavens, when, on a sudden, Neptune presented himself before me. He made me many fine compliments on my beauty, and expressed for me a very ardent affection. I fled from him with what speed I could possibly make over sands into which my feet sunk at every step. Finding that I was pursued, I implored the protection of the goddess Minerva. She heard my prayer, and gave me my present form, under favour of which I eluded the speed and ardour with which Neptune followed me. This, I acknowledge, is a humiliating metamorphosis, and I should have regretted it, had I not become a favourite of the goddess, who made me the bird of her affections, her constant attendant and companion. In evil hour, alas! I lost her favour, by hastening to in-

form her that the daughters of Cecrœps had disobeyed her injunctions. Instead of thanking me for the information, she called me an unwelcome tale-bearer, and dismissed me from her presence."

Oimè ! oimè ! che per la lingua mia
Per accusar chi mal la legge osserva,
Io ne feci detta novelliera e spia,
E tolta della guardia di Minerva,
E dove io era serva e compagna
Tolse in mio luogo altra compagna e serva.

ANG.

In fact the place so lately occupied by this unfortunate bird was now supplied by the owl, who had originally been the Princess Nyctimene, daughter of Nycteus, king of Thebes, and was changed into an owl for undutiful and indelicate behaviour towards her father. We may reasonably suppose that under her new form she lost all her undutiful and indelicate propensities, as it does not seem probable that the goddess of wisdom would otherwise have chosen her for her companion.

Observations.—In Elis there was a statue of Jupiter that was considered as one of the wonders of the world. It was the work of Phidias, the greatest statuary that ever lived. This artist

being asked how he could conceive that matchless air of grandeur and dignity that he had expressed in Jupiter's face, replied, that he had copied it from Homer's celebrated description of him. The statue of Jupiter in the Verospi palace at Rome is one of the best now in existence, though it falls far short of the idea we may form of him from the descriptions of the ancient poets. On a medal struck in the time of Vitellius is an impression of Jupiter, like his statue that adorned the temple that was consecrated to him on the Capitoline hill.

In the Pantheon at Athens there was a wonderfully fine statue of Minerva, thirty-nine feet in height, and formed entirely of ivory and gold. It was the work of Phidias, who made it at the request of Pericles. This statue caused Phidias to be banished from Athens by the ostracism; the restless and clamorous people being indignant at what they called his presumption, in having carved his own likeness together with that of Pericles among the smaller ornaments on the shield of this wonderful statue. Phidias on his banishment took refuge in Elis, where the inhabitants, sensible of his merit, cherished and loved him. To reward their kindness he made for them the incomparably

fine statue of Jupiter above-mentioned, which was said greatly to surpass the Athenian Minerva.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is an antique statue of Minerva of extraordinary beauty : she wears a helmet crested with a dragon, the symbol of vigilance and prudence : she has the skin of a wild beast on her shoulders, the points of which cover her breast, forming a sort of *Ægis*. This fine statue was found under ground near Arezzo in 1541.

In the Villa Albani is a celebrated statue of Minerva in bronze.

Vulcan became lame by his fall from heaven, when kicked from thence by Jupiter, (of which see an account in the “*Sequel*” to this work, article *Vulcan*,) and all the mythologists mention this lameness ; but there are no statues of him now existing that exhibit this personal defect. Cicero in his “*Treatise on the Nature of the Gods*” mentions a figure of this divinity thus : “*Let us admire the statue of Vulcan at Athens, the noble-work of Alcamenes. It is in a standing posture, clothed, and appears to be lame, but without the least deformity.*” The medals of Lemnos, an island consecrated to the worship of Vulcan, bear the impression of this god, with this inscription, *Deo*

Vulcano, and so do many others of *Esernia*, *Lipari*, and *Athens*.

The forge of *Vulcan*, with the *Cyclops* at work, is the subject of a good painting in the gallery of the *Grand-duke* of *Tuscany*. The artist was *Victor Cassini*, who died at *Florence* in 1748.

Coronis pursued by *Neptune* is the subject of a painting by *Giulio Carpioni*, which adorns the above-mentioned gallery. The picture exhibits a fine landscape near the sea.

Notes.—1 *Erichthonius*. This fable is supposed to be a highly ornamented poetic fiction relating to the story of *Erichthonius*, the fourth king of *Athens*, who was believed to be the son of the princess *Minerva*, daughter of *Cranaus*, the second king of that country, and of a priest attached to the service of *Vulcan*. *Erichthonius* is described as a cripple, or at least that he had legs so ill-formed as scarcely to be able to walk; and he is said to have been the inventor of chariots. It appears by the *Arundel* marbles that *Erichthonius* died 1501 years B. C., after a reign of 50 years. *Erichthonius* on his accession to the throne caused a superb statue of the goddess *Minerva* to be erected in the citadel, and the institution of the splendid festivals called the *Panathenea* is attributed to this monarch.

2 *Vulcan*. Vulcan was the god of fire. Burning mountains received the name of Volcanos from their being supposed to be the forges of this divinity. The Cyclops were his ministers and attendants, and wrought with him or under his directions in the fabrication of thunderbolts, arms, chariots, and even ornaments for the gods and goddesses.

DEATH OF THE THESSALIAN CORONIS—BIRTH OF ESCULAPIUS.

THE white-winged bird of Apollo, unmoved by the affecting story of the poor banished rook, despised her counsels, and flew off to inform her master that she had seen his favourite, the beautiful Thessalian princess Coronis, daughter of Phlegyas, king of the Lapithæ, in company with Ischys, one of her young compatriots, and that she seemed to be particularly delighted with his gallantry and attentions.

Apollo appeared thunderstruck at this unwelcome intelligence. His laurels fell from his temples; his lyre dropped from his hands; and, seizing his bow, he sent, with unerring aim, an arrow directed to the heart of his beloved Coronis. No sooner had the deadly shaft left the string than he repented of his rashness and cruelty. But it was too late. Coronis expired! and Apollo, in

an agony of grief, followed her corpse in the long mourning procession by which it was conveyed to the funeral pile. There, he sprinkled it with a species of celestial balm, the grateful perfume of which rose like incense to the throne of Jupiter. From the midst of the devouring flames he then snatched the infant Esculapius,¹ and consigned him to the care of the centaur Chiron.²

The raven, who, by her unwelcome communication, had caused this dire catastrophe, was dismissed from his presence; and farther to punish the officious babbler, he caused her feathers to turn quite black. In this garb of mourning her progeny appear to this day, living mementos of the misfortunes and death of the beautiful Thessalian Coronis.

The centaur to whom Apollo committed the care and education of his son Esculapius was eminently qualified for the important charge. He had made ample discoveries in the sublime science of astronomy, and introduced divers important improvements into the arts of medicine and surgery. He excelled in the knowledge of music, and was celebrated for his skill in archery and equestrian exercises. His grotto, situated at the foot of Mount Pelion, became one of the most famous schools in all Greece.

Chiron had a beautiful daughter, whose name was Ocyroe ; she was initiated in all the secrets of her father's learning, and was also endowed with the gift of prophecy.

One day as Ocyroe was amusing herself with the young Esculapius, she was suddenly seized with the prophetic spirit, and predicted that the child she caressed was destined to immortal renown for the skill he would acquire in the art of medicine ; that Jupiter, becoming jealous of his healing powers, would kill him with his thunderbolts ; and that afterwards he should be placed among the gods. She then informed her father of the events that would befall him in the latter part of his life ; and concluded by announcing her own approaching metamorphosis into a mare,—a prediction which was instantly accomplished.

This humiliating transformation was said to have been effected by Jupiter, in anger at the predictions she had uttered respecting Esculapius.

In her new form, Ocyroe bore the more appropriate name of Evippe—a word which, in the language of her country, signifies a *fine mare*.

Observations.—We know of no monument that represents the death of Coronis, or the birth of Esculapius, though there are many paintings and

pieces of sculpture that exhibit him in maturer age. These will be mentioned in their proper places.

The ancient artists seem to have been very fond of representing compound beings, as centaurs, minotaurs, satyrs, sirens, tritons, sphinxes, &c. ; and many of these representations have been preserved in the cabinets of the curious. Centaurs are seen in many paintings taken from *Herculaneum*. Sometimes one or more is drawing the car of *Bacchus*, armed with clubs or lances, and sometimes carrying a lyre, or other instrument of music. The most splendid centaur-picture of which we have any account was painted by *Zeuxis*, 415 years B. C. He was born in a city called *Heraclea*; but whether the *Heraclea* that could boast of having given birth to this great artist was situated in *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Italy*, or *Sicily*, is not precisely known, there being at that time in different parts of the world more than forty cities of that name, which were given to them in honour of *Hercules*. *Zeuxis* is by many considered as a *Grecian*, and by some as a *Sicilian*. *Lucian*, who mentions this painting, observes, that there was an exact copy of it in the city of *Athens*; but that the original, which had been purchased by *Sylla*, and put on board a vessel to be conveyed to *Rome*, had gone to the bottom of the sea, with the whole

of a valuable cargo, the ship having been lost in a tempest. The picture represented a centaur family, and is thus described:—The mother is lying down on one of her haunches; and the superior part of her body, which resembles that of a most beautiful woman, is reclining on her elbow. In this attitude she appears to be nursing twins; one of which she supports with her arm, presenting him her human breast, while the other is sucking in the manner of a young colt. In the upper part of the picture is the husband, one half of his body only appearing. He seems to be watching the little ones, bending towards them, and smiling: in his hand he holds a young lion, which he is raising over his head to surprise and amuse them. Lucian observes that in this picture Zeuxis has displayed the extensive powers of his genius. The surprising grandeur, dignity, and beauty of the figures; the delicacy with which the human form becomes insensibly united to the brutal; and the wild looks expressed in the delicate features of the young centaurs, who, without leaving their occupation, seem to observe the little lion with that fearful curiosity natural to infancy: the expression exhibited in every face, with the ineffable smile of the beautiful mother, is altogether such as defeats the powers of description.

The constellation Centaurus, on the Farnese celestial globe, said to be the most ancient sphere of the kind existing in the world, is represented with a soft mild look suited to the idea we conceive of the wise Chiron, who, by the moderation and gentleness of his temper, engaged the affections of his numerous pupils. He is represented as returning from the chase, and holds a young lion in his hand.

In the museum of the Capitol are two superb centaurs in Nero-antico. They were found in the ruins of the Villa Adriani at Tivoli by Cardinal Furietti, and are therefore commonly denominated Centauri Furietti.

Among the great number of superb statues in the Villa Borghese is a fine centaur; and in the Museo Pio-Clementino is a marine centaur carrying away a nymph.

A basso-relievo in the Villa Pinciano at Rome exhibits Venus-Anadyomene (the marine Venus) coming out of the water, supported by two marine centaurs, and attended by nereides, seated also on marine centaurs.

One of the most precious remains of ancient painting is a picture taken from Herculaneum, which represents Chiron giving a lesson of music to Achilles. In this piece, which excites the un-

ceasing admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs of the art, Chiron appears wearing a cloak or mantle of skin, and a crown, or garland of different herbs. The attitude of the young pupil is beautiful.

An admirable group in marble represents Chiron covered with a *chlamys*, or short cloak, leaning on a stick, and giving a lesson of botany to Achilles in the presence of his father, Peleus. The pupil has a bunch of medicinal plants in his left hand, and leans on his lyre in an attitude of attention. The surrounding landscape exhibits much sylvan beauty, and is ornamented with a tripod raised on a pedestal, and consecrated to the god of music and medicine.

Pausanias mentions a basso-relievo that was sculptured in the 8th century B. C., in which Chiron has the fore feet like those of a man, and the hinder feet like those of a horse.

Notes.—1 *Esculapius*. Some authors have given a different account of the birth of this celebrated master of the healing art, and inform us, that Phlegyas having conducted his daughter to Peloponnesus, she there had a son; and fearing her father, she abandoned the infant on a mountain near Epidaurus, where

he was suckled by a goat belonging to the flock of a shepherd named Aresthanas, and that the dog which guarded the flock always took his station near the child to protect it from injury. In the course of time this infant was discovered; and Phlegyas, to save the honour of his daughter, contrived to make the people believe that he was the son of Apollo. The mother of Esculapius died while he was very young, and Phlegyas sent him to Chiron to be educated.

2 *Chiron*. This renowned sage was said to be a centaur; that is to say, a monster, half man and half horse. It seems that the inhabitants of a certain part of Thessaly were remarkable for their skill in the management of horses; and being the first people who had tamed and reduced these spirited animals to obedience, they were no sooner seen on horseback than they were considered as a compound race, half human and half brute. Those who have read Robertson's "History of America," or any other work that gives an account of the first invasion of the Spaniards in the southern parts of that vast continent, will recollect that the Mexicans believed the Spanish cavalry to be monsters like the centaurs above-mentioned, imagining that the horse and the rider constituted but one individual being.

Pliny's assertion that he once saw a centaur embalmed in honey, and which in the reign of Claudius had been brought to Rome from Egypt, reminds us of

the famous mermaid which so recently deceived (though but for a very short time) some of our most celebrated naturalists.

Mythologists inform us that the centaurs were the descendants of Ixion and a cloud, to which Jupiter had given the figure of his wife Juno. Nothing can convey a clearer idea of their being altogether imaginary beings.

MERCURY AND BATTUS.

MERCURY or Hermes was the son, the confident, and the messenger of Jupiter; the agent and minister of all the gods and goddesses, and the general pacificator or peace-maker of the celestial court, without whose presence and sanction no treaties could be made, no alliances formed. He interpreted the will of the gods in heaven, on earth, and in the infernal regions. Innumerable were the offices he had to fulfil; but his talents were found more than equal to the duties imposed on him.

In the beautiful statues by which this active divinity is generally represented, his promptitude and vigilance are symbolically expressed by wings attached to his cap, to his heels, and to his caduceus or wand. He was considered as the patron or protector of orators, musicians, merchants, and

even of thieves. The invention of the lyre and of letters are attributed to him, with that of many other useful and elegant arts. Numerous and brilliant, however, as were his talents, he had one failing, which may justly be considered as throwing a shade over them all: this was a want of due respect for the property of others. In short, he was so excessively addicted to thieving, that few indeed were the gods who had not, on some occasion or other, been the dupes of his pilfering propensities.

One day, as he was wandering in the fields of Pylos, he perceived the oxen of Admetus, king of Pharæ, which had strayed thither unobserved by their celestial keeper or guardian, the divine Apollo;¹ who, having been condemned by Jupiter to nine years banishment from heaven, for having killed some of the Cyclops (the manufacturers of his thunderbolts), had under the disguise of a peasant engaged himself as a herdsman to Admetus. Mercury stole the oxen; and in order to conceal them, began to drive them towards a cavern in a neighbouring forest; when, to his great mortification, he was met by an old shepherd named Battus,² who thus became the involuntary witness of his theft. Mercury³ immediately advanced towards the old man with an air of familiarity

and kindness, and charging him not to mention what he had seen, made him a present of a fine young heifer. Battus promised to keep the secret; and being much delighted with the gift he had received, took a stone in his hand, and showing it to Mercury, said to him, "Confide in my promise, and depart in peace; for be assured that this stone shall reveal secrets sooner than I will betray you."

Mercury went away apparently satisfied; but wishing to have a convincing proof of the old shepherd's integrity, he assumed the appearance and voice of Admetus; and returning to the place where he had left Battus, hastily inquired if he had seen the cattle, promising to give him a bull and a cow if he would tell him where they were. Seduced by the promise of such a liberal reward, Battus disclosed the secret: upon which Mercury, resuming his own proper form and appearance, reprimanded the unfaithful shepherd for his duplicity, and metamorphosed him into a touchstone; a species of basalt, called by the Italians *pietra di paragone*.

Nero il far divenir qual è un carbone,
E sì l' indura poich' un sasso fallo,
Quel sasso il fa, che chiamiam paragone,
Che vero saggio dà d' ogni metallo.

Laddove poi mutò condizione
Nessun poi tradi più, non fe' più fallo,
Disse poi sempre il ver, per qual ch' io veggio,
Per non si trasformat di male in peggio.

Ang.

Observations.—There are divers exhibitions of Apollo-Nomio (Apollo-Pastore). In the Villa Ludovisi is a fine statue of Apollo-Nomio keeping the flocks of Admetus.

Notes.—1 *Apollo*. This banished divinity, in becoming the herdsman of Admetus, obtained the name of Apollo-Pastore. While he remained in this capacity, he is said to have instructed the inhabitants of the adjacent country, inspiring them with a taste for music, and a love of pastoral occupations. He rewarded the attachment and kindness of his employer, by enabling him to fulfil the hard conditions enjoined by Peleus to the lover who should obtain his daughter Alceste in marriage. The banks of the Amphrysus, where the flocks and herds committed to his care were wont to graze, under his pastoral guidance, became the scene of adventures that form the subject of many of the following fables; as, his game of quoits, which proved fatal to his young friend Hyacinth. His musical competition with the unfortunate Marsyas; for his cruelty to whom he obtained the name of Apollo-Tormentore; and many others.

2 *Battus*. This is by many supposed to be the name of the person who first discovered the metal-proving qualities of the substance which has, on account of these properties, obtained the name of touchstone. It is smooth, glossy, and of a black colour; and was called by the ancients *Lapis-Lydius*, from Lydia, a country of Asia, from whence it was first brought. The method of trying whether a metal of doubtful appearance be really gold or silver, is to rub it on this stone, and then to compare the colour of the mark it leaves with that left by another piece of undoubted purity. Touchstone may be seen in any goldsmith's laboratory.

3 *Mercury*. After the transformation of Battus we are told that Mercury retired to a cave, at the entrance of which he found a tortoise. He killed it; and diverting himself with the shell, was pleased with the sound it yielded. Whereupon, cutting thongs out of the hides he had stolen, he fastened them to the shell, and played upon them.

By this legend it appears that the most ancient lyres were made of the shell of a tortoise; which is confirmed by the particular Roman lyre called a *testudo*. The most remarkable one is in the Montalti gardens. It not only shows the whole belly of the tortoise, and part of what the strings were attached to, but has two horns above, like a bull's, with strings round their bottoms like thongs.—*Tindal's Polymete*.

THE LOVES OF MERCURY AND
HERSE.

As Mercury was one day hovering in the air over the beautiful city of Athens, at that time the happy *séjour* of industry, peace, and abundance, he observed the Athenian damsels going in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva to celebrate the festival of that goddess, and to present their offerings on her altar. Among the most distinguished of these young females appeared the beautiful Herse,¹ second daughter of Cecrops, king of Athens. The charms of this princess surpassed those of her sisters and of all her young companions. Never did any human being appear more lovely than did Herse in this procession. Mercury no sooner beheld her than he became enamoured of her beauty; and forgetting every other object, determined to pay her a visit. In this design, he arranged his flowing hair, adjusted his robe in the

most becoming manner, and holding his caduceus with peculiar grace, entered the royal palace, where the first person he saw was Aglaurus, Herse's eldest sister. Mercury saluted this young princess with the greatest cordiality and respect; beseeching her to use her influence with her sister Herse to engage her to favour his suit. Aglaurus replied that she would do this on one condition only; namely, that he should give her a large sum of gold: and she insisted on his going immediately to fetch it, refusing to let him be introduced into the apartments occupied by her sister till he should put her in possession of the sum required.

Minerva, indignant at the ill-natured and avaricious conduct of Aglaurus, determined to punish her, by suffering her to become the victim of those evil propensities which she had never endeavoured to check or discourage. For this purpose the goddess went in quest of Envy,² whom she found sitting in her gloomy abode feeding on serpents, which constituted her ordinary and favourite repasts. Her dwelling was a cavern impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and it was stained all over with blood and venom. The Fury arose on seeing Minerva, and sighing at the view of her beauty and the splendour of her arms, advanced towards her with slow and trembling steps, her ragged

mantle dropping venom as she moved, while a livid paleness overspread her haggard countenance. Her eyes were sunk in their sockets, from which distilled a scalding rheum which rolled in large corrosive tears over her high cheek-bones.

Minerva turned aside, disgusted with her appearance; and having commanded this fiend to infuse her poisons into the heart of Aglaurus, she withdrew.

Envy cast an oblique scowling look at the goddess as she retired, and muttered accents of discontent at finding herself obliged to obey her commands. She then took her crooked stick, and wrapping herself in a mist, pursued her way to Athens.

The Fury being arrived at the palace of Cecrops, entered the apartment of Aglaurus; and approaching the bed on which she slept, laid her cold, cankered hand on the heart of the young princess, breathing over her at the same time a malignant and pestiferous air, impregnated with a subtle venom that infused itself into all her veins. Her sleep was troubled: she dreamed of Mercury and Herse; and being enraged at the thought of the brilliant Hymeneæ which seemed to await her sister, she started from her bed, determining to kill herself rather than be a witness of this happy union. A

moment after, she thought of going rather to persuade her father that the visits of Mērcury were of a criminal nature. While she hesitated, and felt undecided on the plan of vengeance she should adopt, she observed the happy lover advancing towards the palace. Suddenly giving way to the wicked impulse of her envy-stricken mind, she placed herself at the door, fully determined to oppose his passage. In the most eloquent, soothing, and gentle manner, he besought her to let him enter; but finding that she remained inflexible to all his entreaties, he struck her with his caduceus, and she instantly hardened into a statue.

Observations.—The Vatican manuscript, plate the 2nd, exhibits Mercury in the air with his mantle (in this tale called a robe) floating behind him. The motion of persons going very swiftly was indicated by the flying back of the drapery. Innumerable are the representations of Mercury, both in painting and sculpture. In the west corridor of the Medici Gallery at Florence is a very curious antique statue, representing a clothed Mercury. He is entirely enveloped in his cloak, which is so well sculptured that the beauty of his form is not at all concealed.

In the south corridor of the same gallery is

another incomparably fine statue of Mercury, from which hundreds of copies have been taken, and dispensed among the curious in every part of Europe. This figure is distinguished by the name of Mercurio-Pacifico.

Of modern statuary, there is a chef-d'œuvre of Giovanni di Bologna in bronze. No description can do justice to this sublime statue. It was long an object of admiration to amateurs and travellers in the Villa Medici at Rome, and was brought to Florence in the reign of Pietro Leopoldo.

Apelles, a celebrated artist of Cos, who flourished in the time of Alexander, king of Macedon, and who was remarkable for his talent in allegorical representation, painted the figure of Envy with terribly squinting eyes, scowling eye-brows, and her face covered with wrinkles; in one hand she held a hydra with seven heads, and with the other was laying hold of a serpent that seemed to be gnawing her breast. Envy is generally represented as the conductor or guide of Calumny; an evil propensity or quality that has also been variously personified. See a painting in the Florentine Gallery, by Alessandro Botticelli.

In the royal palace of the Luxembourg is a picture by Rubens, in which Envy is represented as a squalid, thin, haggard female figure, ap-

proaching to the description given in the above tale.

Poussin painted a figure of Envy gnawing her own arms.

In the *Salle de Parlement* at Rennes, in France, is a much-esteemed painting of Envy, by Jean Jouvenot.

In a picture at Versailles that represents the apotheosis of Hercules, painted by François Le Moine, Envy is lying under the hero's chariot-wheels.

In the south corridor of the Medici Gallery at Florence is a beautiful statue of Minerva, with a countenance expressive of dignity, mildness, and beauty more than human.

Notes. — 1 *Herse*. Was the beautiful daughter of Cecrops, the founder of the kingdom of Athens. He was a native of Egypt, and is said to have conducted a colony into Greece about 1556 B. C. He softened the rude and uncultivated manners of the people, and encouraged learned men and artists of every description to come from Egypt, Phœnicia, and other countries of the East, to settle in his newly-founded kingdom; where, having married a Grecian princess, with whom he lived in great harmony, his reign was peaceable, and his subjects enjoyed comfort and plenty.

He taught them to cultivate the olive; and instructed them to worship the goddess Athena or Minerva, and to consider her as the presiding divinity and watchful patroness of their city. Cecrops reigned fifty years, and died 1506 years before the Christian era. Cranaus, his immediate successor, reigned only nine years; and Amphyction, the third king, was deposed by Erichthonius in the tenth year of his reign; so that only nineteen years elapsed between the reign of Cecrops and that of Erichthonius. It appears by the mythological legend which furnishes the subject of this tale that Cecrops was living at the time of this procession. His daughters were then probably very young.

2 *Envy*. The visit to the cavern of this malign spirit seems to have been an expedition very unworthy of the goddess of wisdom. Consistency of character must not be sought for in the objects of pagan worship. That heavenly wisdom which, as Christians, we are taught to pray for, must come from a Being who is all consistency—the *Father of lights*, (that is to say of intelligence, wisdom or divine illumination,) IN WHOM *there is no variableness nor shadow of turning*.

JUPITER AND EUROPA.

MERCURY having avenged or punished the crime of Aglaurus, as related in the preceding tale, now returned to Olympus, where he was anxiously expected by his father Jupiter, who had recently become enamoured of Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia. Mercury no sooner appeared than he received orders to take another flight, and descend into a plain near the city of Sidon, in which plain the cattle of Agenor were feeding, and to drive the whole herd into a meadow that bordered the sea. Mercury obeyed; and Jupiter soon after, assuming the form and appearance of a beautiful white bull, went and joined himself to the herd.

The princess Europa,¹ accompanied by some Tyrian ladies who were appointed to be her companions, went out one day to take the air on the sea-

shore. They had walked but a short time when, to their great surprise and terror, they beheld the bull advancing towards them; he approached them, however, in such a gentle manner, that their fears soon vanished. He knelt down before them, and seemed to invite their caresses. Europa gathered herbs and flowers, which he gently received from her hands, licking them with his rough tongue.

Long did these young persons continue to amuse themselves with this playful animal, by turns feeding him, and decking him with flowers.

The young princess at length took it into her head to seat herself on his back, where she supported herself by laying hold of one of his smooth, small horns, which looked like mother-of-pearl. Delighted with his lovely burden, the bull carried her several times round the field. At length he took his way towards the water. Europa was alarmed, and would have dismounted, but it was no longer time. Before she could effect her purpose he plunged into the sea, and swam off, equally heedless of her cries and the lamentations of her companions.

Bagna di pianto la donzella il volto,
Che la terra ognor più s' asconde e abbassa.
Dritto a Favonio il torro il nuoto voltò
Cipro e Rodi a man destra vede e passa :

Veder dal lato manco all' occhio è tolto
 Le gran bocche del Nil, che addietro lassa
 Ella non crede poter compare
 Ch' altro veder non può che cielo e mare.

Le bionde chiome, il vestimento e il velo
 Movea dolce aura, e il mar si stava in calma
 Scacciate avean le nubi, il sole e il cielo
 Per mirar la bellezza unica ed alma ;
 Giove sotto il bugiardo e nuovo pelo,
 Con sì soave e preziosa salma,
 Per l' onda se n' andò tranquilla e cheta
 Tanto ch'è giunse all' isola di Creta.

ANG.

Observations.—The rape of Europa was a favourite subject with ancient artists, as no other legend of the Grecian mythology afforded so wide a scope for the display of the powers of imagination and genius ; a glowing sky, a calm sea, the swimming bull, the handsomest of his kind, the beautiful Europa sitting on the back of her metamorphosed lover, with one hand grasping a horn, and with the other gracefully raising her robe to prevent its being wet, her fine hair falling on her shoulders, her scarf floating at the caprice of the wind, &c. &c. To these some artists have united all the marine pomp of ancient fable ; Neptune in his car, preceded by Triton, and surrounded by nereides, and various other divinities of the ocean, advancing to meet and congratulate his brother.

In the *Sala de' Quadri* of the Capitol is a fine painting of this subject by Guido.

The beautiful fresco paintings on the ceilings of the Palazzo Farnese, done by Annibale and Agostino Caracci, exhibit the principal fables of the Grecian mythology. Among them is Jupiter-Toro carrying off Europa.

In the Medici Gallery of Florence is a painting of this subject by the elegant Albano.

Paul Veronese made a fine picture of this subject, which is now in the royal palace of Hampton Court, near London.

In the works of four of the sweetest poets that the muses ever inspired are glowing descriptions of this adventure of Europa. The first is that of Moschus, a Greek bucolic poet, who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in an Idyl entitled "*Europa*." It has been translated into Latin verse by the Jesuit Bernardo Zamagna, and was published at Siena by Pazzini in 1788. The second is by Horace, in his third book, ode 27, addressed to Galatea preparing for a voyage. The third is a well-known song of Chiebrera, which begins thus—*Musa amor porta novella*, addressed to Amarillis. The fourth is the beautiful Idyl of Metastasio, entitled *Il Ratto d' Europa*. The elegant, fanciful, and varied imagery with

which these immortal poets have adorned and sung this pleasing fable, are such as must furnish a never-ending source for study and practice to the attentive and assiduous artist.

Modern iconographers, in personifying our quarter of the world (which is said to have been named after the fair subject of this mythological legend) have portrayed it as a fair woman magnificently attired. Her robe of divers colours denote her riches, and her crown expresses her universal empire. Two cornucopiæ on which she is seated mark her great fertility. In one hand she holds the model of a temple, in the other a sceptre, emblems of religion and government. A war-horse, surrounded with arms and trophies, appears at her side ; and around her are diadems, books, globes, compasses, pencils, and musical instruments.

There is a beautiful painting by Lebrun in the palace of Versailles in which he has depicted our division of the earth under the symbol of a woman, of a noble and pleasing aspect, sitting with an air of uncommon grandeur and majesty on a throne formed of cannons. On her head she wears a helmet ornamented with white feathers. Her dress is an antique armour of gold, half covered by a blue mantle. In one hand she holds a sceptre, in the other a cornucopia. On one side is a horse,

raising his head, as if in the act of neighing ; on the other are books, standards, helmets, bucklers, and other trophies of war.

A painting representing the adventure of Europa, the daughter of Agenor, was consecrated in the temple of Venus Astarte at Tyre.—(See the Appendix, tale the 9th.)

Note.—*Europa.* This beautiful tale seems to be a highly-ornamented poetical relation of the real adventures of a young woman named Europa, who was stolen and carried away by some Cretan merchants that traded to the coast of Phœnicia, and navigated a vessel which had on its prow the figure of a bull. Diodorus says that she was married to the captain of the vessel. It seems, however, that she ultimately became the wife of the sovereign of the island, whose name was Asterion or Asterius. Europa, on her first coming to the island, was often much affected at the recollection of her far-distant paternal home, and was accustomed in that hot climate to go and indulge her reflections and her sorrows under the shade of a spreading platane-tree. Here she was one day discovered by the king, who made her certain proposals which she treated with disdain. She was finally, however, united to him, and became the mother of three sons, who, according to some authors, were Minos, Sarpedon, and Rhadamanthus. The haughty

Asterius assumed the name and attributes of Jupiter ; and to commemorate his first interview with his beloved Europa, he caused her portrait to be painted, representing her sitting under the platane-tree, sad, and turning her back to an eagle, which seemed as if he wished to attract her notice.

Europa, by her prudent conduct and amiable manners, conciliated the affections of the Cretan people, who after her decease observed festivals in her honour. These were called Hellotia (a name similar to that of one of the numerous Grecian festivals in honour of Minerva). On these occasions her bones were carried in solemn procession, and after them was borne an enormous garland of myrtle, not less than thirty cubits in circumference.

Europa was remarkable for the dazzling whiteness of her skin. The poets pretend that she had acquired this charm by the use of a celestial cosmetic, which was given her by Angelo, a daughter of Juno, who stole it from her mother's toilet. On account of this whiteness her name was given to our quarter of the world, the only one of the four grand divisions of the earth whose native inhabitants are all white.

CADMUS IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER EUROPA.

AGENOR, being disconsolate at the loss of his daughter, commanded his son Cadmus¹ to go in search of her, and most unjustly forbade him to appear again in his presence without his sister.

In obedience to the commands of his father, the unhappy youth sought Europa in long and painful wanderings; but having sought in vain, and being afraid to return home, he went to consult the oracle of Delphi respecting the place in which he should fix his future residence. The oracle directed him to follow the traces of a heifer which he would soon find in his way, to build a city in the place where she should stop to repose, and to call the name of the surrounding country Beotia.

Cadmus left the temple highly satisfied at being favoured with such clear and unambiguous direc-

tions; and proceeding on his way, he had scarcely passed the fountain of Castalia, when he observed a young heifer without a keeper walking slowly before him.

Grateful for this speedy accomplishment of the prediction of the oracle, he followed the heifer in profound meditation, adoring in silence the divinity that guided his steps. After traversing the Cephissus, and crossing the plains of Panope, the heifer stopped, and raising her head towards the sky, made the surrounding hills and plains resound with her lowings. She then lay down to repose on the grass.

Cadmus having determined to begin his work by offering the heifer in sacrifice to Jupiter, sent his attendants into a neighbouring forest to fetch water for the libation. After wandering for some time they found a delightful spring, from which flowed a copious and refreshing stream. This forest with its fountain was consecrated to the god Mars, and was guarded by an enormous dragon. Scarcely had the messengers of Cadmus dipped their vessels into the water, when the monster rushed from his retreat, filled the air with his hissings, and destroyed them all.

Cadmus began to be exceedingly surpriséd at the long absence of his companions, and covering

himself with a lion's skin, which served him as a coat of mail, he seized his arrows, his javelin, and his lance, and set off in search of them. How great was his astonishment and affliction when, on entering the forest, he beheld their dead bodies stretched on the ground, and the terrible serpent glutting himself with the blood that still issued from their wounds! Furious at the sight, and animated with more than human force, he seized hold of an enormous piece of rock which lay near him, and hurled it at the dragon; but without effect. He then threw his javelin, which entering the animal's back stuck into his entrails, after which he despatched him with his lance.

Cadmus stood for a moment meditating on this strange event with his eyes fixed on the monster he had destroyed, when suddenly his ears were assailed by the sound of an unknown voice, which uttered these words:—"Cease, Cadmus, cease to exult over the animal thou hast deprived of life; and know, that thou also shalt one day become a serpent like him." Petrified with horror at this dreadful prediction, Cadmus turned pale as death, his hair stood upright on his head, and he remained motionless as a statue.

Pallas, being moved with pity at the afflictions of this unfortunate prince, descended from her

celestial abode, and presenting herself before him, consoled him by the kindest promises of her favour and protection. She then commanded him to sow the teeth of the dragon in the earth, assuring him that from these teeth should spring up other more faithful and more fortunate companions.

Obedient to the commands of the goddess, Cadmus sowed the teeth ; and very soon after he perceived something rising out of the ground like points of spears ; after which appeared helmets, and by degrees the entire bodies of men in complete armour. These armed men immediately began to fight furiously with each other. The battle was long and bloody ; and so mortal was the combat, that in a short time only five of the warriors remained. Among the number was Eschion, who afterwards married one of Cadmus's daughters. Eschion wisely made peace with his four comrades ; and they all heartily united in assisting Cadmus to build the new city.

Observations.—Judging from the scarcity, or entire want of muniments of art to illustrate this fable, we may suppose that it was never a favourite subject either with ancient or modern artists.

Some medals, struck at Tyre in the reigns of the Emperors Gordianus and Gallienus, bear the

figure of Cadmus, with a chalice in one hand, and a lance in the other; near him is a heifer extended on the ground. There are other medals, on which this prince appears in the act of hurling an enormous stone at the dragon.

Note.—1 *Cadmus*. Historians have recognised Cadmus as a Phœnician prince, who led a colony into Greece about 1493 years before the Christian era: they assert that he built the fortress which bore the name of Cadmea, and laid the foundation of the city of Thebes. Some learned men are of opinion that he was the first who taught the Grecians the use of letters; and others suppose that he only changed the alphabetic characters then in use. His alphabet comprised but sixteen letters: the rest were subsequently supplied from other sources. A great number of the superstitions of Phœnicia and Egypt were introduced into Greece by this prince, and many of their dols, some of which were worshipped under other names.

We have to regret that the history of this prince, who seems to have been a great and good man, is obscured and lost in the superabundance of poetic ornament, by which the records of those early times are distinguished, and which on that account have obtained the name of “The Fabulous Ages.”

ACTEON.

THE new city obtained the name of Thebes, and in the course of time became one of the most flourishing and renowned capitals of the world. The worship of many of the Egyptian and Phœnician deities was at this time introduced into Greece, together with much of the science and learning of those countries. Cadmus taught the inhabitants the use of letters, and established wise and salutary laws, which contributed greatly to the civilisation and happiness of the people. His reign was glorious; but the course of his domestic peace was troubled by the unceasing persecutions of Juno, who hated the house of this prince, because of its being related to the goddess of beauty; and this hatred was augmented by a knowledge of Jupiter's affection for his sister Europa, and other females of his family.

Soon after the building of the city Cadmus married the beautiful Hermione, or Harmonia, the daughter of Mars and Venus, with whom he lived in the greatest cordiality and union. They had a son named Polydorus, who was afterwards king of Thebes, and four daughters, Ino, Agave, Autonoe, and Semele.

Autonoe married a prince named Aristeus, and had a son called Acteon. This young prince devoted himself to the pleasures of the chase; and by indefatigably pursuing this his favourite amusement, he became one of the most expert and celebrated hunters of the age in which he lived.

This ill-fated youth being one day more than usually fatigued, retired to seek repose in a solitary part of the beautiful valley of Gargaphia; and reclining in the shade, formed by the spreading branches of some luxuriant trees which surrounded a fountain that was consecrated to Diana, he sunk into a gentle slumber, from which however he was soon awakened by a noise occasioned by an unusual dashing of the water. Impelled by a natural feeling of curiosity, he arose and advanced towards the fountain, where he was struck with the sight of the goddess and her attendant nymphs, who were enjoying the pleasures of the

bath. Diana, alarmed at the rustling of the leaves, turned and discovered Acteon, who was looking at her from among the branches of the trees; and being shocked at finding herself thus exposed to the profane gaze of a mortal, she took some water in her hand, and flinging it in Acteon's face, transformed him into a stag, exclaiming in a tone of bitter irony—"Go now, and if thou canst, amuse thy companions with the story of what thou hast seen; Diana gives thee full permission."

The unhappy Acteon wept bitterly on perceiving the metamorphosis he had undergone; he had now no way of expressing his affliction but by tears.¹ Distracted with grief, he wandered into the woods, where he was soon perceived by one of his own dogs, which by barking gave the signal for the others. The companions of the young prince lamenting his absence, and calling him till the surrounding country rang with his name, prepared for the chase. Acteon was compelled to flee before his friends, and his own domestic animals. Vain, alas! was his flight. The hungry pack² pursued, and soon tore him in pieces.

Observations.—In the gallery of the royal palace of Brandenburg is an antique representing

this metamorphosis. Diana is distinguished from her attendant nymphs by her portly mien, and the crescent on her head. She is throwing water at Acteon, who already appears with the horns and head of a stag: his body, which has not yet lost his human form, is covered with complete armour.

An antique of a similar description is in Maffei's celebrated cabinet. From these it may be conjectured that the ancients went to the chase as to a warlike expedition.

In the Palazzo Bonaparte, at Rome, this subject is represented in a beautiful painting by Titian.

Notes.—1 *Tears.* It is a well-known fact that a hunted stag, wearied and exhausted by the chase, weeps on losing the hopes of escape. Those who have witnessed the big tear of anguish rolling over his broad honest face, must be cruel indeed if they can return to such an exercise, and find sport and amusement in pursuing even to death a poor dumb creature, whose harmless habits and natural timidity give him a more than ordinary claim to our pity.

If brute animals must be slain to glut the pampered appetite of man, it is his bounden duty to take away the life of his victim by the most speedy means he can possibly devise.

Would gentlemen of large fortunes give themselves the trouble to reflect how many of their fellow-creatures who are pining in want, or perishing through ignorance, might be maintained or instructed by their consecrating to works of mercy the sums necessary for the support of large packs of hounds, they would probably abandon this cruel sport, and learn to find health, content, and happiness in exercises more suitable to the dignity of rational beings, and more likely to render their own dying moments peaceful and happy. "*Open thy mouth for the dumb*," is a precept of which the divine inspiration cannot be doubted.

2 *Hungry pack.* To this tragical account, as related in the "*Metamorphoses*," Ovid has added the names of all Acteon's dogs, amounting to more than sixty. These, it must be allowed, make but a sorry figure in poetry. Some judicious authors have expressed an opinion that they are the names of a pack of hounds which belonged to the Emperor Augustus, whose excessive love of flattery Ovid perhaps thought to gratify by introducing this tiresome canine nomenclature.

If any thing could be more ridiculous or contemptible than the flattery which this poet lavished on Augustus on all occasions, it was the foolish vanity with which the emperor received it.

To account for the means by which the companions of Acteon discovered that the torn stag was

really the metamorphosed body of the young prince, some authors inform us that after seeking him a long time, and over a great extent of country, they repaired to the grotto of Chiron, where the ghost of Acteon appeared to them and informed them of his fate.

SEMELE.

THE daughters of Cadmus were all very handsome ; but the youngest, whose name was Semele, ' was allowed to surpass her sisters in point of beauty.

Jupiter becoming enamoured of this lovely princess, went to visit her under the appearance of a fine young man. Semele disdained his pretensions, and sought to avoid his company ; but, when he informed her that he was not what he seemed, but was in reality the great Jupiter, the sovereign of gods and men, her vanity was so highly flattered that she became insensible to the suggestions of every better motive, and consented to receive him with complacency and favour.

Juno, transported with jealousy, and alarmed at the frequent absence of her husband from Olympus, sought for, and soon discovered the object whose

attractions drew him so often from her company. She immediately determined to wreak her vengeance on the imprudent Semele, by drawing her into a snare that should inevitably cause her destruction. For this purpose she made a visit to Ate, the goddess of discord, and besought her to lend her her girdle, an article of dress that had the effect of rendering its wearer successful in the practice of deceit, perfidy, and wickedness; the principle of all which evil propensities this infernal girdle was supposed to contain. Having obtained the loan she requested, Juno assumed the appearance of an old woman named Beroe, that had formerly been Semele's nurse, and was now her confidential companion. In this disguise she entered the apartment of the young princess; and after some common-place conversation respecting her lover, took occasion to insinuate that, after all, he might be only a mere mortal who had artfully abused her confidence and taken advantage of her credulity. The false Beroe, perceiving that Semele appeared to be alarmed at this suggestion, craftily advised her by all means to obtain a proof of her lover's divinity, by engaging him, for once at least, to visit her in all the majesty and splendour with which he was wont to appear in the presence of the divine Juno.

Semele listened to this perfidious advice; and

having obtained from Jupiter a promise that he would grant her whatever she might request, pronounced the fatal wish. Jupiter, on hearing it, was struck with horror, on account of his oath, by the nature of which he was constrained to comply with her invitation. He accordingly came, armed with thunderbolts and surrounded with lightnings. The unhappy Semele, unable to endure this awful blaze of glory, was instantly reduced to ashes. Jupiter preserved her infant, Bacchus, by concealing him in his thigh. The babe was afterwards consigned to the care of his aunt Ino, who sent him to the nymphs of Nysor, to be nursed by them. These nymphs hid him in their cavern, fed him with milk, and superintended the early part of his education.

Observations.—There exists a curious Etruscan vase, the basso-relievo ornaments of which represent Bacchus issuing from the thigh of Jupiter.

Among the statues in the gallery of the Palazzo Chigi at Rome is a beautiful group representing the consignment of the infant Bacchus to his aunt Ino.

In the Villa Albani is a beautiful piece of sculpture, exhibiting a nymph holding in her arms the infant Bacchus.

One of the finest paintings that has been taken

from Herculaneum represents the nursing and education of Bacchus. In this piece there are many figures ; among which the most striking are the three nymphs his nurses : two of them are standing behind a tree, while the other, wearing a garland of verdant leaves, and covered with a deer-skin, is presenting in an incomparably graceful attitude a bunch of grapes to the infant, who, supported by his preceptor Silenus, is stretching out his little hands to receive it. At Silenus's feet lies a sleeping donkey. The beast has a star on his back, and a garland of ivy on his head. At a distance is a priestess, striking a cymbal that is surrounded with little bells. Mercury is sitting on a barrel, and seems to be amusing the child with the music of his lyre. He has the *petasus* attached to his head, and the *talaria* at his heels, the feathers of which a young satyr is separating with one hand, and with the other is pointing to the little animated grape-coveting Bacchus.

In the Gallery di Medici at Florence is a fine statue of Bacchus, as a little child, clampering up a rock, and striving to reach a bunch of grapes.

A basso-relievo belonging to the Casali family exhibits Bacchus bringing back Semele from the infernal regions.

Note.—*Semele*. Authors differ in their account of the adventures of Semele. Some say that after the birth of her son she was found dead in a coffer, in which, by order of her father, she had been enclosed and thrown into the sea. Semele, after her death, was placed among the divinities, and bore the name of Thyone. It was supposed, however, that she remained in the infernal regions till Bacchus was permitted to bring her back. Semele was adored with peculiar honours at Brasiaë, a town of Laconia; but her worship was every where involved in mystery, and its rites are not precisely known. A stone in a sanctuary, where her statue was the object of religious veneration, bore the following inscription:—" *The demons tremble at the name of Semele.*" The Roman people, when preparing for the feast of Bacchus, were wont to assemble in a wood sacred to the goddess Simila or Stimula, which some have supposed to be a corruption of the name of Semele.

NARCISSUS.

TIRESIAS¹ of Thebes was considered as the wisest man of the age in which he lived. His countrymen, and even strangers from distant parts, were accustomed to have recourse to him for advice and direction in cases of doubt and difficulty. Being one day called upon to give his decision in a discussion between Jupiter and Juno, in which each supported a different opinion, and that with unbecoming warmth, Tiresias pronounced in favour of Jupiter; whereupon Juno became so angry, that she caused the unfortunate umpire to become blind. The father of the gods, pitying his misfortune, endowed him with the gift of prophecy, and obtained from the Parcæ a grant of life seven times longer than the usual period of human existence. A report prevailed, however, that he had been struck blind by Minerva for

having gazed at her when she was bathing; and that this goddess, being afterwards moved to compassion by the lamentations of his mother, who had formerly been one of her favourite attendants, endowed him with the knowledge of futurity, and gave him a staff, by the use of which he walked with as much ease and safety as when possessed of sight.

Lyriope, a nymph of the ocean, went to consult Tiresias respecting the life of her infant son Narcissus,² who was one of the most beautiful children that ever was born. Tiresias told her that he would live to be old if he could be kept from seeing himself.

Narcissus, as he grew up, became an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of rural nature, and was accustomed to pass whole days in wandering through the enchanting woods and valleys of his native country. The nymphs of the mountains beheld him with admiration, and sought to gain his affections. One above the rest fell deeply in love with him; this was the beauteous Echo.³ Narcissus, however, was indifferent to her attachment, and slighted her advances as he had before slighted those of her companions. Poor Echo! driven to despair by his neglect, pined away till nothing remained of her but her voice, so that

she is still frequently heard though she can never be seen.

Other nymphs being mortified at the scorn and contempt with which they had been treated by Narcissus, became angry and indignant, and instead of fretting and punishing themselves, thought rather of punishing him; and therefore prayed the goddess Rhamnusia to grant that he also might love without return, and desire what he should never be able to obtain. The petition was no sooner preferred than granted; for Narcissus, happening to look into the smooth and transparent water of a fountain to which he had repaired in order to slake his thirst, became enamoured of his own beautiful person, which he saw reflected in the liquid element. Day after day he returned to the fountain to behold the object of his adoration. He looked, and loved incessantly. Sometimes he attempted to kiss the beauteous figure, and his lips touched only the cold transparent wave. Sometimes he plunged his arms into the water, vainly hoping to seize the object of his affections. Wearied at length with grief and disappointment, he abandoned himself to despair, and died the victim of unavailing sorrow. His body was changed into the pretty flower that still bears his name; and his manes or spirit being descended

into the regions of Pluto, was often surprised by the other shades bending over the gloomy waters of the Styx in search of the beautiful figure which had been the principal object of his affection while on earth.

Observations.—Of this beautiful fable there exists a fine copperplate engraving by Sadeler. It exhibits Narcissus at the moment in which he first beholds his light, airy, elegant form reflected in the water. Cupid stands at a distance smiling, and aiming the golden arrow, the effects of which proved so fatal to the peace and life of his young victim.

In an apartment adjoining the Sala degli Animali, in the Museo Pio-Clementino at Rome, is a very fine collection of statues; amongst them is a Narcissus: of this figure Sir J. E. Smith observes—“He has a very foolish face, which perhaps he ought.”

Notes.—1 *Tiresias*. This man was a celebrated augur, soothsayer, or diviner, who lived in the time of the second Theban war; and so much credit was given to his predictions, that the generals consulted him before they would lead their armies into the field. Applications to him became more numerous than he could

answer, and he was assisted by his daughter Manto, to whom he had taught his prophetic art, and who ultimately became nearly as celebrated as her father. Tiresias was said to have changed his sex two or three times. This foolish report originated from his having pronounced contradictory opinions in certain treatises which he wrote concerning the duties and prerogatives of human beings, in some of which he particularly extolled the character of women, and in others gave a decided superiority to that of men. Tiresias lived to be very old, and became blind in the latter part of his life. After his death he was honoured by the Thebans as a god, and had an oracle at Orchomenes, a town of Beotia, near the Lake Copais.

2 *Narcissus*. This handsome youth, according to Pausanias, was a native of Thespia, in Beotia. He had a very beautiful sister, whose features bore a striking resemblance to his own. Being deprived by death of the society of this beloved companion, he used to wander alone in the woods to indulge his sorrow, and was often found by his friends reclining on the brink of a fountain, with his eyes fixed in sadness on his own image reflected by the water, the sight of which seemed to keep alive the cherished remembrance of his sister. He is supposed to have been drowned in this fountain; hence the poets have related that the nymphs having erected a funeral pile, came to look for his body, and found only the flower which bears his name. This flower was consecrated to the

Eumenides, and was used by the ancients to decorate tombs, urns, and other funereal monuments.

3 *Echo.* The ancients animated all nature ; the heavens, the air, the earth, the waters, were peopled with divinities. The elements, the winds, the waves, all were gods ! Hence the Echo, or reverberation, which seems in certain places to repeat the accents of men or beasts, was supposed to be a nymph or spirit of the air. .

BACCHUS—PENTHEUS—THE ORGIES.

BACCHUS, the son of Semele, became one of the most celebrated divinities of Greece. The establishment of his worship was at first opposed by many, but it was in the end generally received, and to him the grand exploits of Osiris, the Egyptian Bacchus, were ultimately attributed.

It is reported that Bacchus was stolen away from the island of Naxos by pirates. It appears, that being yet a child, or having assumed the form of a child, he lay down to repose himself under a tree that grew near the sea-shore, and was in this situation discovered by some Tyrrhenian mariners, who had landed on the island to procure a supply of fresh water. Never before had they seen so beautiful a little boy, and they determined to steal him in hopes of obtaining from his parents a very considerable ransom. Acetes,

the captain of the vessel, opposed their design ; but it was to no purpose, they carried off their prize in spite of all his remonstrances.

After they had made sail for some time Bacchus, awaking from a profound sleep, interrogated them respecting his situation, and earnestly entreated them to convey him back to Naxos ; but finding that all his entreaties were vain, he suddenly caused the vessel to stop in the midst of the sea, where she became immovable as a rock, with her sails, cordage, masts and oars all covered with branches of ivy, and twisted about with vine tendrils. The god rising at once to the full stature of a man, assumed a majestic and awful appearance. He held a thyrsis in his hand, and was surrounded by tigers, panthers, and lynxes. The sailors, struck with terror and consternation, plunged into the ocean, and were all transformed into dolphins. Bacchus spared the captain, and afterwards made him his high-priest.

Cadmus in an advanced age had abdicated the throne of Thebes in favour of his grandson Pentheus, in whose reign Bacchus is said to have made his triumphal entry into Beotia. The people worshipped him and observed festivals in his honour ; these festivals were often celebrated at night, and were called Orgies.

Nothing could exceed the licentiousness, confusion and riot that prevailed during the celebration of these frantic rites and revels. The Bacchantes or Menades, who were priestesses of Bacchus, carried thyrses and burning torches in their hands, running about the streets and mountains in a sort of temporary frenzy. In mad procession the god of wine, seated in an ivy and vine-covered car, was drawn by lynxes and panthers, preceded by his old preceptor Silenus mounted on an ass, and followed by a multitude of people armed with thyrses, that is to say, with pikes or lances bound about with vine-leaves and twigs of ivy; some shouting, some playing on musical instruments, others blowing horns, beating drums, &c., while every species of extravagance was indulged in without restraint.

Pentheus strove by every hostile means in his power to suppress and abolish these festivals. He invited his soldiers in a most eloquent and animated discourse to take up arms against the followers of Bacchus. He confined Acetes for a long time in a frightful and unwholesome prison. These violent proceedings had no effect in abating the superstition and enthusiasm of the people. Intolerance and persecution have in all ages tend-

ed to establish and promote the growth of error rather than to exterminate or weaken it.

At the celebration of one of these riotous and indecent festivals Pentheus went up on the mount Citheron, where he concealed himself among a clump of trees, in order to witness in secret the excesses and extravagances of the Bacchantes, in which number was his own mother Agave, and his two aunts Ino and Autonoe. Too soon, alas! was he perceived by those quick-sighted and frantic females, who, rushing on him with a fury that nothing could restrain, seized him, and tore him limb from limb.

The frenzy that usually seized the Bacchantes at the time of the orgies was considered as a divine inspiration, which, while it took from them the power of seeing objects such as they really were, endowed them with more than human force.

Agave and her sisters were said to have taken Pentheus for a wild beast. The former carried about his head in triumph on the point of her thyrsis, supposing it to be that of a lion. Cadmus, her unhappy father, with much difficulty, convinced her that it was the head of her own son; upon which she became inconsolable, and went into voluntary banishment.

Observations.—No subject of Grecian mythology has been illustrated by monuments of art so numerous and so varied as the history of Bacchus. The events of his life from his liberation from the thigh of Jupiter to his reception among the gods of Olympus have been commemorated by statuaries and painters of all ages. Representations of this divinity, at some period or other of his eventful career, are to be found in all museums and galleries of the fine arts. We shall here mention but a few.

The Greek artist Aristides, who lived in the time of Alexander, made an admirable painting of Bacchus, which Attalus the second, king of Pergamus, bought at the price of six million denari (a sum equal to 18,000*l.* sterling), at an auction held for the sale of the spoils taken from the enemy by the Roman consul Mummius, who, 147 years before Christ, destroyed the cities of Thebes, Chalcis and Corinth, by order of the senate. The consul being astonished at the high price offered for this picture, peremptorily withdrew it from the sale, heedless of the lamentations of the royal purchaser, and sent it to Rome, where it was placed in the temple of Ceres. This is said to be the first foreign picture ever exposed to the view of the public in the “immortal city.”

Mummius charged the persons who were employed in transporting this and some other valuable paintings to Rome to take great care not to injure or destroy them, on pain of being obliged to make others in their stead.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is an exquisitely fine statue of Bacchus by the immortal Michael Angelo Buonarotti. He is crowned with ivy and vine tendrils, holding in his right hand a cup, and in his left a bunch or cluster of grapes, of which a little satyr covered with a goat-skin is striving to get a taste.

Among the finest antique statues in bronze which enrich this splendid museum of the fine arts, are those of Hercules, Bacchus, and several bacchantes. A little amorino or cupid is kneeling on one knee on the shoulder of Bacchus, and putting ambrosia on his lips. This is a very pleasing group.

In the *Sala delle Iscrizioni* are some good statues; one of them is a figure of Silenus, drowsy and intoxicated; he seems to be making an effort to lift a cup of wine to his mouth without being steady enough to effect his purpose. This indeed is drunkenness personified.

In the Flemish School (an apartment in the same gallery at Florence) is a fine painting of a

bacchanalian festival, in imitation of Titian's superb picture in the Villa Aldobrandini at Rome.

In the same gallery in an elegant quadrangular pedestal, in the form of a vase, it serves as a stand or base for a statue of Minerva. The basso-relievo ornaments of this vase exhibit Agave carrying her son's head in triumph on the point of her thyrsis. She is accompanied by other Menades dancing, playing on cymbals, &c.

Note.—1 *Orgies*. These riotous festivals were, in process of time, celebrated throughout all Greece, and were called Dionysia. At Athens their celebration was marked with peculiar pomp; and a magistrate of high order was appointed to regulate the forms, and to check the enormities that were often practised under pretext of bacchanalian inspiration. The observance of these festivals passed from Greece to Etruria, and they were afterwards introduced into Rome by a Greek of low condition and dissolute manners. The unbridled licentiousness that prevailed during these abominable orgies became at length so disgusting, that in the year of Rome 568 they were abolished by order of the senate. The original *senatus-consulto*, or act that enjoined the abolition of these festivals, was found about one hundred years ago. It is inscribed on an entablature or plate of copper. See an account of this tablet in the "*Biblioteca Italica*."

The Roman emperors caused this statute of prohibition to be annulled, and the festivals were again observed with excesses unknown to those of earlier times. These feasts or orgies were celebrated at the time of the brumal, or winter-solstice, and were called by the Romans Brumalia.

The festival of the Epiphany at Florence and in other parts of Italy is observed at the commencement of the night, and among the lower class of people exhibits a scene of much noise and riot. On these occasions a car containing a sort of throne covered with leaves and branches is drawn about the streets by donkeys, the people bearing torches, shouting, and blowing horns; for which last many substitute long coarse glass tubes somewhat in the form of a trumpet, which make a tremendous noise, and being fabricated on purpose for this popular festival are sold at a very low price.

THE MINEIDES—PYRAMUS AND
THISBE.

THE Mineides were the daughters of Mineus or Minyas, king of Orchomenos, a country of Beotia. Their names were Alcithoe, Leuconoe, and Leucippe. These young princesses refusing to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, employed themselves in working at embroidery, spinning, and other feminine occupations, which are said to owe their invention to the goddess Minerva, during the whole time of the orgies, at which festivals every kind of work was strictly prohibited. It seems that the Mineides were not remarkable for their habits of industry, and that they engaged in these employments now with no other view than that of manifesting their contempt for the sacerdotal prohibitions enjoined by the priests of Bacchus. To beguile the hours of labour, they agreed to amuse each other by some entertaining narra-

tions, and Alcithoe was called upon to begin. After considering for some time whether she should relate the story of Dercetis, of Babylon, who was transformed into a fish, and afterwards became a goddess of Palestine; or that of her daughter Semiramis, who being metamorphosed into a dove, passed her old age in the holes of walls and towers; or recount the adventures of Nais,¹ who, after changing several young men into fishes, became a fish herself; or describe the tragical event by which the fruit of the mulberry-tree obtained its present sanguinary colour, she finally made choice of the latter, and thus began:—

“Pyramus and Thisbe were two young and amiable inhabitants of the city of Babylon, united to each other by the most tender attachment. Their dwellings were contiguous, but their meeting was forbidden by their parents, on account of some dissensions that had long divided their respective families. These ingenious young lovers, however, found means of exchanging their vows of love and constancy through a chink or chasm in the wall which separated the two houses. Time in his restless course passed on, but brought to Pyramus and Thisbe no hope that they should ever be permitted to ratify their vows in the temple of Hymen: so they at length determined to abandon their

native city, and wander together in search of some country where their marriage might be celebrated without appeal to parental suffrage or authority. They accordingly agreed to meet each other on the eve of their intended departure at the tomb of Ninus, a sepulchral monument that stood a little way out of the city. Near this tomb was a fountain, overshadowed by the spreading branches of a mulberry-tree. Thisbe, who had covered herself with a large flowing veil, arrived first at the appointed place of rendezvous, where she had been only a few minutes when she perceived a lioness with her mouth dropping blood advancing towards the fountain. The affrighted Thisbe ran to take refuge in an adjacent cavern. In her flight she unfortunately dropped her veil, which the lioness seized and tore in pieces; and having slaked her thirst at the fountain walked away. Pyramus arrived soon after, and seeing the well-known veil of his beloved Thisbe all torn and besmeared with blood, he concluded that she had been carried off and devoured by some cruel beast of prey. Struck with horror and despair, he drew his sword and thrust it into his bosom. At this moment Thisbe, whose fears had vanished at the thoughts of meeting her lover, came out of the cavern, and approaching the monument erected to the memory

of the Assyrian monarch, beheld Pyramus expiring beside the tomb. She knelt down by him in an agony of grief, endeavouring with her garments, to staunch the blood, which flowed in torrents from the wound whence she had withdrawn the murderous weapon. Every effort to save the unfortunate youth proved abortive, and the wretched Thisbe, unable to bear the thoughts of surviving him, threw herself on the point of the fatal sword, that yet reeked with the blood of her unhappy lover.

“The vital stream that issued from the death-wounds of this faithful but ill-fated couple communicated its colour to the fruit of the mulberry-tree, which before this tragical event had always been white. The union which their parents had opposed during their lives was accorded to them at their death, and their ashes were mingled together and deposited in the same sepulchral urn.”

Quel miserabil fin s' udi per tutto ;
Passando andò in quest' orecchia, e in quella ;
Occhio non fii che rimanesse asciutto.
Pianse ognun la lor sorte accrba e fella.
Con lagrime i lor padri, e amaro lutto,
Collocaron il garzone, e la donzella,
In un comun sepolcro !

Observations. — Engravings representing the fate of these unfortunate lovers are very common ;

but as the subject affords no considerable scope for the efforts of superior genius in the arts of sculpture or painting, monuments of this kind are rarely found in the cabinets of the curious.

Note.—1 *Nais*. The story of *Nais*, as also those of *Dercetis* and *Semiramis*, having little or no connexion with the legends of Grecian mythology, are omitted in this work; they will however be mentioned in the “*Sequel*.”

This melancholy tale appears to be a relation of an occurrence in private life, and is perhaps too true. The narration is very simple, and seems to be adorned with no poetic fiction except that which relates to the colour of the mulberry.

VULCAN'S NET.

ALCITHOE having finished her tragical relation of the loves and death of Pyramus and Thisbe, her sister Leuconoe, in her turn, recounted the story of a clandestine intercourse which was said to have existed between Mars ¹ and Venus, and of the address with which Vulcan ² had contrived to make Mars his prisoner, by catching him in a net.

“Venus, the goddess of beauty,” said Leuconoe, “had the weakness to be excessively fond of admiration; and most of the gods were aware that they had only to assail her ears with flattery and extravagant compliments on her beauty, to insure a cordial reception in her *salle de compagnie* whenever they were disposed to lounge and pass their leisure in frivolous conversation. Blunt and honest in his manners and character, her husband Vulcan loved her, but paid her no unmeaning compli-

ments. He was generally so much engaged in directing the stupendous labours of the Cyclops, that he had neither occasion nor inclination to be idle. Venus, who thought him rather deficient in gallantry, imprudently amused herself in listening to the praises lavished on her beauty by the other gods. Among these Mars was particularly distinguished, and he paid his court to her with such unwearied assiduity, that she consented to receive his clandestine visits. Proud as was the god of war of the preference he had obtained, he was, nevertheless, particularly desirous of concealing this intercourse from Phœbus, who was also a great admirer and frequent visitor of the goddess; and he accordingly had the precaution, in one of his visits, to place Alectryon (a young officer who was his constant attendant) *en sentinelle*, with orders to give him timely notice of the approach of this brilliant divinity, whom he did not particularly wish to meet. Alectryon fell fast asleep; and Phœbus, coming to pay a visit to Venus, was extremely displeased at finding her sitting alone with his rival. He turned and walked off in dudgeon, directing his course towards the laboratory of Vulcan, to whom he gave some very unwelcome hints respecting the friendly footing on which the god Mars appeared to be with his wife.

“Vulcan, struck with consternation at this intelligence, let fall the ponderous instruments of his labour, which he held in his hands, and after a moment's reflection devised a plan for making the god of war his prisoner. He accordingly took some wrought brass, and fabricated a curious net, of which the texture was so beautifully fine as to render it almost imperceptible. This extraordinary net, though soft and flexible as the purple threads of the ingenious Arachne, was nevertheless so strong that it could not be broken. Mars was caught in it, and Venus also, and after being entangled in it for some time, to the great amusement of the other gods and goddesses, they were set at liberty by Mercury, whom Vulcan had instructed in the method of opening the springs by which the net was fastened.

“Mars being incensed against Alectryon, transformed him into a cock, a bird which daily announces the rising of the sun, or, to speak more poetically, the approach of Phoebus. He still attends the god of war, bearing in his new figure the name of Gallus, and is considered as the emblem of vigilance, a quality essential to the character of an accomplished and skilful warrior.”

Observations.—In the cabinet of gems at Flo-

rence is one that represents Mars and Venus caught in a net.

Among the innumerable figures of the goddess of beauty which adorn the galleries of the fine arts, those which relate to her friendship for Mars have, according to the testimony of the author of *Polymetis*, “ a sort of wheedling appearance, such,” says he, “ as the Venus-Erycina, called by Horace ‘ the laughing Venus.’ ” Such the Venus-Appius, whose statue was placed in the Forum, and such the figure on the medal of Aurelius, in which she seems to be begging some favour of Mars. It is inscribed to Venus-Vincitria, as her look seems to indicate that she is sure of carrying her point. There is a group at Florence in which the goddess is represented with one hand round Mars’ neck, and seems with a beseeching look to be coaxing him to grant her some request. In a basso-relievo at Turin she is making a petition to Jupiter in the same manner.

There is a picture now for sale, said to be an original, a *chef-d’œuvre* de Vandyck, which represents Mars taking leave of Venus previous to his going forth to battle. This splendid painting is the property of a native of France, who has sent the following account of it to the person in England who acts as agent for its sale:—

“Un tableau original de Vandyck, représentant Mars et Vénus. Mars partant pour la guerre, un genou à terre devant la déesse ; il est drapé de bleu. Vénus passant une écharpe autour du col de Mars ; elle est drapée de rouge. Ces deux personnages sont de grandeur naturelle. A la droite du tableau, un cheval blanc, de grandeur naturelle ; en l'air, au-dessus de Mars, est un génie tenant un casque ; un autre génie au pied du cheval tenant la bride. Ce tableau est estimé cinq cent mille francs.”

Notes.—1 *Mars*. This was the divinity who presided over all that was most ferocious, cruel, and bloody in the dreadful art of war. His car was drawn by furious horses named Flight and Terror, guided by his horrible sister Bellona bearing a blood dripping banner, and followed by Discord, Rage, Carnage, and the dread spirits of desolation and destruction. In this character Mars stands opposed to Pallas, or Minerva, as goddess of war, or rather a personification of Wisdom and Fortitude presiding over prudent councils and stratagems ; wise, deliberate, discreet, observing, and prompt to take advantage of every failure of judgment or error in the adverse party.

The worship of Mars was not very universal among the ancients, and in Greece he had but few temples ; but in Rome, where he was considered as the patron of

the city, and the father of its founder, he was a primary object of religious veneration. Venus was partial to him, because he always took the part of her favourites; this was particularly the case in the strife between the Greeks and Trojans, occasioned by the improper conduct of her *protégé* Paris. For a farther account of Mars and Venus, see the "Sequel."

2 *Vulcan*. A favourite mode of vengeance with this divinity seems to have been that of adroitly catching in traps or springs such persons as had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. Even his divine mother Juno was not exempt from a punishment of this nature; for we are told that the first effort of his art was a throne of gold with secret springs, which he presented to her, and which he had made to avenge himself for her want of affection for him. Juno being delighted with this splendid present, seated herself thereon, with an air of self-satisfaction, grandeur, and dignity, surpassing that of her usual state and appearance. But, alas! she soon found herself unable to move. All the gods took part in her distress, and all endeavoured to break the chains that held her captive; but their efforts were ineffectual, and she remained in this ridiculous situation till Vulcan himself thought fit to set her at liberty.

PHOEBUS AND LEUCOTHOE.

THE princess Leuconoe having mentioned Phoebus, as we have seen in the preceding tale, was requested by her sisters to tell them some other of his adventures; and in compliance with their request she gave them the following relation:—

“There was once a prince named Orchamus, who became king of Babylon and the extensive provinces of Achemenia. He married the beautiful Eurynome, a native of Arabia Felix, and they had two lovely daughters, Clytie and Leucothoe.”

“Phoebus had been the professed admirer of Clytie, who on her part had conceived for him the most tender and lasting attachment. After some time, the inconstant lover being captivated by the superior charms and attractions of her sister, deserted the enamoured Clytie, and pursued Leuco-

thoe with an ardour that no considerations of decorum, propriety, or good faith towards her unfortunate sister could restrain.

“ Venus bearing this tell-tale divinity a grudge, on account of the jealousy with which he had inspired her husband Vulcan, and which had caused her late adventure in the net, contrived for a long time to frustrate his views with respect to the young Babylonian princess ; and he was so exceedingly grieved and mortified at not being able to obtain an interview with the object of his admiration, that he frequently became remiss in performing the duties of the sublime employment to which, by the decrees of Destiny, he had been appointed. His fiery coursers were guided with an unsteady hand, and his flaming car moved through the heavens with such an irregular course, that the days of winter were not unfrequently protracted to an extraordinary length ; and the cold, natural to that season of the year, was often suddenly interrupted by the most oppressive heat.

“ After many fruitless attempts to procure an opportunity of conversing with the beautiful Leucothoe, Phœbus determined to assume the appearance of her mother ; and under this disguise, having left his coursers to refresh themselves by repose, or to invigorate their strength by feeding

on the celestial ambrosia, which served them for pasture, he, one evening, entered the apartment of the young princess, who was sitting at work,² surrounded by her female attendants. On seeing the queen, they all respectfully retired, leaving her to converse freely with her daughter; when Phœbus, pleading the ardour of his passion as an excuse for the stratagem by which he had gained admittance, informed her of the glorious conquest she had made, and besought her to consent to receive his future visits. Overcome by the dazzling splendour and beauty of his appearance (for he had thrown off his disguise), Leucothoe in evil hour consented to his proposal, and their interviews became frequent.

“ This illicit intercourse escaped not the observation of the poor forsaken Clytie, who being piqued to madness by disappointed love, went in a moment of frenzy and discovered the intrigue to her father.

“ Orchamus, being transported with rage at the dishonour thus brought upon his house (for every clandestine connexion of this kind is an indelible stain to the honour of a family, however high the rank of the delinquents), condemned Leucothoe to be buried alive; and the dreadful sentence was executed without delay.

“ Phœbus had not the power to save this unhappy princess from her awful doom, but he caused her grave to be sprinkled with nectar, and a variety of celestial odours; which penetrating to her body, transformed her into a tree, which produces the gum called frankincense. Clothed in immortal verdure, it rose majestically through the heap of sand that covered the tomb, shooting its superb branches towards heaven, and striking its roots to the confines of the realms of Pluto !

“ Clytie, being stung with remorse, and driven to despair, wandered into the woods, where, stretching herself on the ground, she refused all consolation, and pined her life away. After her decease she was metamorphosed into a heliotrope, or sun-flower, which constantly turns its brilliant head towards the god of day—a living memento of this unfortunate attachment.”

Notes.—1 *Leucothoe*. The story of this princess, as here related, seems to be an ingenious botanical allegory, founded on the natural qualities of the frankincense-tree and the sunflower.

Orcham, or Orchamus, is supposed to have been the first who introduced this tree into the country over which he reigned; and the name given to this elegant sylvan production in some of the provinces of

Persia was *Leucothoe*. It produces an aromatic gum, to which the ancients attributed great virtues in the cure of diseases; and was, therefore, considered as a favourite of *Phœbus*, or *Apollo*, the inventor and patron of the art of medicine. This gum was burnt upon the altars of the gods, and was considered as a perfume adapted to the ceremonies of the sanctuary. Naturalists have observed that sunflowers planted near this tree invariably cause it to wither away.

2 *Work*. In ancient times women are said to have gloried in making their own clothes and those of their husbands and children,—“The dress which I wear,” said Alexander, addressing himself to his royal prisoners, the mother and the wife of *Darius*, “is not only a present from my sister, but is also the work of her own hands.”

The Emperor *Augustus* is said to have worn no clothes but such as were made by the hands of his wife and daughter.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SALMACIS—THE MINEIDES PUNISHED BY BACCHUS.

THE youngest of the Mineides was now called upon for her tale. It seems that she knew a great many: so she desired her sisters to choose whether she should tell that of Daphnis, who was changed into a rock; or that of Celme, who became a diamond; or speak of the Curetes, who owed their origin to the rain; or of Crocus and Smilax, who were transformed into flowers that still bear their names; or relate the story of the young traveller, who bathed in the fountain of Salmacis. Her sisters chose the latter, and she thus began:—

“The nymphs of Mount Ida had nursed and educated a beautiful little boy, to whom they gave the two names of *Hermes* ¹ and *Aphrodite*,² names which they considered as applicable to him, because he possessed the finest talents of *Hermes* or *Mercury*, and the beauty of *Aphrodite* or *Venus*.

Their interesting *protégé* had scarcely completed his third lustre when he discovered an ardent and unconquerable desire to travel and see the world. He accordingly availed himself of an opportunity to escape from the kind guardians of his infancy, the companions of his earliest youth, and wandered into foreign countries.

“ Surprised and pleased at the knowledge of people and nations, whose manners and customs bore little affinity to each other, and differed still more widely from those of his own country, he joyously pursued his way, heedless of the fatigues of the journey, or the coarse accommodations and bad fare to which he was often obliged to submit.

“ Having travelled through the various cities of Lycia, and over a great part of the neighbouring country of Caria, he one day stopped to repose near the border of a deep and clear spring of water, which rose at a little distance from the city of Halicarnassus. The naiade, or nymph of the fountain, who happened to be concealed among some bushes that grew near this delightful spot, observed the young traveller with great admiration, and wished above all things to become the favourite object of his attachment. She dreaded, however, to appear before him, lest he should treat her with indifference or disdain; and being

well aware that she could have no absolute power over him while he remained out of the water, she exerted all her efforts to render the stream over which she presided more than usually inviting, in the hope that he might be induced to refresh himself by bathing. In this project she but too well succeeded; for the solitary wanderer having slumbered for a short time on the verdant grass, arose, threw off his garments, and plunged into the fountain. Salmacis (for that was the name of the Naiade) immediately discovered herself, and laying hold of him, exclaimed, ‘ I have conquered; thou art mine for ever.’ Then dragging him down to the bottom with a force which he vainly endeavoured to resist, she prayed that he might never by any means be separated from her. The gods disapproved of this rash request, which they nevertheless granted, though in a manner which she did not expect; for, from the dissolution of both their bodies, they produced one single animated substance, of human form, and incomparable beauty, which, in rising towards the surface of the water, appeared through the liquid element like a fine statue of Parian marble; and emerging from the undulating wave, walked forth a compound extraordinary creature, neither perfectly and exclusively a man, nor perfectly and exclu-

sively a woman. To this remarkable personage the Greeks afterwards gave the appropriate name of Androgyne."

Thus ended the narrations of the Miuicides, who still continued working and profaning the festival of Bacchus, when on a sudden they were surprised by the near sound of drums, trumpets, and flutes, which were, however, invisible. The room was filled with the odours of myrrh, saffron, and various other perfumes. The cloth which these daring sisters were embroidering turned quite green; their thread was suddenly changed into vine-tendrils, and their spindles and other instruments of work were entangled with vine-branches and ivy. To the sounds of music succeeded dreadful howlings; and flames began to burst forth from every part of the house. Terrified and distracted, these unfortunate young princesses now endeavoured to escape, but their flight was arrested, and they were all metamorphosed into bats.

Observations —The Venus Anadyomene, or "Venus rising from the Sea," was the *chef d'œuvre* of the immortal Apelles, a native of the island of Cos (now Zia) in the Archipelago. The goddess is exhibited as issuing from the bosom of

the ocean, and wringing her beautiful hair on her shoulders. Her attitude, features, and form; were such as to comprise in one figure every grace of female loveliness. This picture was purchased by the Emperor Augustus, who placed it in the temple of Julius Cæsar. The lower part of the painting was a little defaced, and, according to Pliny, there was not an artist in Rome who was able to repair it.

Apelles is said to have risen to a superlative degree of excellence in his art by attending strictly to a rule of conduct which he had prescribed to himself, namely—never to let a single day pass without employing his pencil.

Notes.—1 *Hermes*. This was a name of Mercury considered as presiding over the intellectual faculties of man, and also over rhetoric and eloquence. Jamblicus, a Greek author who lived in the time of the Emperor Julian, and was one of his favourites, observes that Hermes among the Egyptians was considered as the god of all celestial science, that he was held by the people in the greatest reverence, and was believed to inspire the priests, who accordingly inscribed their own commentaries with the name of Hermes.

2 *Aphrodite*. This word, signifying froth, was a name given to the goddess of beauty, because she was

said to have sprung from the froth of the sea. Of all the statues of Venus that are to be seen in the galleries of the fine arts, those that represent her as coming forth from the surface of the ocean are the most beautiful. The incomparable statue produced by the chisel of the Athenian Cleomenes, and which is known by the name of the "Venus de Medici," is of this character. This is indicated by the dolphin at her feet.

3 *Salmacis*. The waters of the fountain Salmacis were said to be of a debilitating nature; and persons who made a practice of bathing in them were observed to become weak, delicate, and effeminate. This curious story will perhaps recall to the minds of our young readers a little poem or song called "The Water King."

JUNO VISITS THE INFERNAL
REGIONS.

ATHAMAS, king of Beotia, had married Ino, the eldest daughter of Cadmus : this princess was the aunt of Bacchus, and one of his most zealous votaries. When, after a certain lapse of time, she had the satisfaction to see his divinity acknowledged, and his worship established throughout all Greece, she became excessively vain and proud, and her marriage with the king of Beotia, while it seemed to ensure her happiness, served at the same time to increase her pride. But Ino's haughty spirit was soon cruelly humbled by the jealous intervention of the implacable Juno, whose artifices had heretofore so fatally succeeded in destroying her sister Semele.

Jealous to excess of the happiness of Athamas and Ino, the goddess determined to descend into

the realms of Pluto,¹ there to seek the means of introducing guilt and misery into their family.

The road to these sombre regions lies through a thick and melancholy grove of yew trees, whose funereal shade extends over a vast immeasurable desert, where gloom and silence reign for ever undisturbed. The end of this grove is lost in a black dense fog, formed by the murky vapours of the Styx, a river whose circuitous course marks the boundaries of the vast empire of Pluto, where departed spirits are said to meet after death. Here are the Elysian fields, the happy abode of those who by their actions in this life have merited the favour of the gods; and here also is the dreadful Tartarus, the place of punishment for the wicked. Cerberus, the triple-headed dog, the guardian of the palace of Pluto, barked on perceiving Juno, who immediately called to the daughters of Night, commanding them to conduct her in safety. These were the callous-hearted keepers of the adamantine prison, where Tityus² has his ever-growing liver constantly torn by a devouring vulture; where Tantalus³ essays in vain to quench his raging thirst, or to satisfy the painful cravings of hunger; where Sisyphus⁴ endeavours for ever to roll to the top of an adamantine mountain a huge mass of rock which eternally descends; where the

wheel of Ixion⁵ performs its never-ceasing whirl ; and where the Danaides⁶ attempt in vain to fill a bottomless vessel.

Juno cast a look of indignation on these wretched criminals, and particularly on Ixion, whose crime had more particularly concerned herself ; and then turning towards Sisyphus, she demanded why he should suffer eternal pains, while his brother Athamas reigned in peace, the inhabitant of a superb palace. She then communicated to the furies the motive of her visit. “ It is my will,” said she, “ that the hated house of Cadmus should perish, and for this purpose I command you to draw Athamas and Ino into the commission of some great crime that may cause their utter ruin and destruction !” Tisiphone shaking her head to throw back the serpents which hung over her face, replied, “ Goddess, you shall be obeyed ; leave this place of darkness.”

Satisfied with this reply, Juno returned to Olympus, having first purified herself in a bath of living water prepared for her by her handmaid Iris.⁷

Observations.—Juno is commonly represented as sitting in a car drawn by peacocks ; she has a dignified and serious appearance ; on her head she

wears a diadem ; the rest of her dress is matronly, not unlike the drapery on the statue of Sabina in the Villa Mattai at Rome. She is attended by her beautiful handmaid Iris, and surrounded by Auræ (air-nymphs or sylphs). In the temple of Juno at Argos was a colossal statue of the goddess in ivory and gold, the work of a celebrated Sicyonian sculptor named Polycletes. The figure was in a sitting posture ; she held in one hand a pomegranate, and in the other a sceptre with a cuckoo on its top. Her head was adorned with a diadem, and under her feet were a lion's skin and a vine, expressive of her hatred to Hercules and Bacchus. Her temple was enriched by presents from many of the Roman emperors. Adrian sent her a gold peacock, with its tail spread, and studded with precious stones. Nero contributed a crown of gold, and a mantle of purple.

The Vatican Virgil contains a figure of Iris with wings ; she is represented as conveying a message from Juno to Turnus. She has a glory round her head, and is holding her scarf in a way that, with her motion, and the action of the wind, it seems to form an arch over her head. She is surrounded with clouds.

Notes.—1 *Realms of Pluto.* These supposed subterranean regions were named *Ades*. Their grand divisions were three, namely, *Erebus*, *Tartarus*, and *Elysium*. The first of these, a place of monotonous gloom, and ever-during silence, was the portion allotted to the spirits of such as, while on earth, had lived an idle, sauntering, useless life, doing neither good nor evil. The second, a place of torment, was the direful prison of such as had blasphemed the gods, dishonoured their parents, or committed acts of ingratitude and injustice towards their fellow-mortals. The third, a place of uninterrupted health, peace, and happiness, the abode of the brave, the compassionate, and the good, who here received the reward of the virtues they had cultivated and practised while in the probationary state of human existence. The subdivisions and topography of these realms of Pluto, with an account of the sombre monarch, and his queen, and a description of their palace, court, guards, judges, executioners, &c. will be given in the “*Sequel*.”

2 *Tityus*. A giant that offered an affront to *Latona*, the mother of *Apollo* and *Diana*, for which he lies chained to the ground in *Tartarus*, while a vulture is continually tearing and devouring his entrails, which are as constantly renewed. This huge giant is said to cover nine acres of ground.

3 *Tantalus*. A certain king of *Lydia*, who, at a

feast which the gods had condescended to honour with their presence, caused his own son Pelops to be murdered, and his mangled limbs to be served for the repast, thinking that it would never be discovered. Jupiter found it out; and putting all the pieces of the body together, except one of the shoulders, which Ceres had unfortunately eaten, restored Pelops to life, substituting a shoulder of ivory. The sovereign of the gods afterwards sent Tantalus to the infernal judges, who condemned him to suffer perpetual thirst and hunger, with a fountain of water before him, which, as he stooped to drink, withdrew from his parched lips; and fruit hanging from the loaded boughs of a tree that spread over his head, which constantly escaped from his hand when he attempted to gather them.

4 *Sisyphus*. This criminal was a noted robber, who had been accustomed to bury under a heap of stones the bodies of those who became victims of his depredations; for which he was thrown into Tartarus, and condemned to roll an enormous stone to the top of a huge and very steep rock, the summit of which he could never attain, as the stone rolled back on him continually.

5 *Ixion*. This was a prince who had the misfortune and temerity to fall in love with the goddess Juno; Jupiter being on this occasion very jealous, caused a cloud to assume the appearance of the queen

of heaven, and to visit the amorous Ixion. The cloud-formed Juno seemed sensible of his proffered love, and appeared to encourage rather than to forbid his advances; upon which he gave a loose to his vanity, and every where boasted that he was the favoured lover of the divine spouse of Jupiter. For this folly and baseness he was precipitated into the terrible Tartarus, and fastened to an ever-turning wheel.

6 *The Danaïdes*. These were the fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, who married with fifty sons of Egyptus, king of Egypt. At the instigation of their father, who took alarm at the prediction of an oracle that announced his death by the hands of one his sons-in-law, forty-nine of these princesses killed their husbands, and were for this crime condemned to the adamantine prison of Tartarus, till they should succeed in filling with water a large and bottomless barrel.

7 *Iris*. This is a name given by naturalists to that glorious semicircle of various colours which appears in the air in showery weather, and is commonly called the rainbow. This beautiful natural phenomenon is occasioned by the refraction of the sun's rays falling on an accumulation of fine descending or ascending drops of water; hence cascades and jets-d'eau often exhibit an iris. There are two magnificent jets-d'eau placed before the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the

waters of which are thrown so as to resemble a plume of white silvery feathers. One of these is so situated as to receive the rays of the sun throughout the whole of the day, during which time it is unceasingly embellished with an iris. When the ancient Peruvians saw a rainbow, they used to fall down and worship it; so also did the native inhabitants of the West India islands; and in their language it was called by a name or word which signified, *the flag or standard of the great God*.

There are lunar as well as solar rainbows. The author saw one while she was in Italy. It was a beautiful object. The semicircle was perfect, and the colours very distinct, but more soft and shadowy than those produced by the rays of the sun.

The Greeks, indulging in that poetic taste which seems to have directed all their worship, adored in the rainbow, not the visible object, but an ideal figure, a personification of their own minds, an Iris, whom they designated by the appellation of the goddess or spirit of the rainbow, which beautiful phenomenon was fabled to be entirely at her disposal. Considered as the messenger of Juno, she is often represented as descending down this glowing arch towards the habitation of persons to whom she might be charged with a commission from her patroness, the queen of Olympus, the great goddess or spirit of the air.

Iris was said to be the daughter of Thaumas, or

admiration ; and she is frequently called by the poets *Thaumantis*, and *Thaumantia virgo*. They represent her as very beautiful and very finely dressed ; she has wings to show her dispatch ; and her robe of many colours is fastened round her waist by a prismatic cestus or girdle.

TISIPHONE IN THE PALACE OF ATHAMAS.

THE cruel Tisiphone clothed in a blood-stained robe, fastened round her waist by a coiling serpent, that served her for a girdle, seized her flaming torch, and being followed by her terrific attendants, Fear, Horror, Grief, Frenzy, and Despair, went forth to execute her dread commission. The palace of Athamas shook to its foundation at her approach. The doors were stained by the venomous exhalations that issued from her mouth; forked lightnings played about her path; and the sun, shocked at her appearance, withdrew his rays.

Athamas and Ino, terrified at these dreadful prodigies, attempted to escape from the palace; but the fury impeded their passage; and irritating the serpents that surrounded her head and breast,

they agitated their barbed tongues, and threw round the apartment a shower of black and deadly poison, accompanied with loud and fearful hissings.

Tisiphone had brought with her an infernal liquor, composed of a certain portion of the froth that had distilled from the mouths of the terrible Cerberus, mixed with the venom of the hydra of Lerna, and the juice of a certain plant called the herb of Orcus, the baneful properties of which are said to induce crimes, tears, rage, carnage, and the errors of delirium ; to these were added a decoction of water-hemlock, and a quantity of blood newly drawn, all well incorporated together, and boiled in a brazen helmet.

Seizing the opportunity of a moment in which Athamas and Ino were struck motionless with horror, the vengeful fury dashed against their breasts the poisonous mixture, which penetrated to their very souls ; then shaking her flaming torch and tracing in the air a fiery circle, she withdrew to the regions of Pluto.

Frenzied by the infernal poison that now circled in his veins, Athamas no longer beheld the objects that surrounded him in their proper light. Every thing appeared to him in a new form. The unhappy Ino and her children seemed to be a lioness

with her whelps. Athamas pursued them with extreme fury; and seizing his infant son Learchus, whirled him several times round the room, and then dashed his head to pieces against the wall. Ino, distracted, howling and raving like a Menade, ran with her other son Melicerta to the top of a precipice, from whence she threw herself into the sea, bearing her child in her arms. Venus, being exceedingly affected at their misfortunes, besought Neptune to place them among the divinities of the ocean. Her request was granted. They received new forms; under which Ino bore the name of Leucothoe, and Melicerta that of Palemon.

Ino had been followed to the top of the precipice by some Theban ladies, who being overcome with grief and despair at beholding the calamities that had fallen upon their queen, had determined to share her fate; but Juno frustrated their design by transforming some of them into rocks, and the others into birds that continually flutter round the mountain.

Notes.—1 *Despair*. There is not a feeling of the human mind, whether evil or good, but what has been personified by the poets; and artists have represented them under emblematical figures; a description of these, together with an account of Tisiphone and her

sister furies, frequently called the Eumenides, will be given in the "Sequel."

2 *Athamas*. According to some historical legends, this prince was the sovereign of a small part of Beotia. At the time of his union with Ino he had children living, the offspring of a former marriage. Ino proved herself an unkind step-mother. This royal couple, however, lived together in tolerable harmony till Ino had a family of her own, when her persecution of the children of her predecessor became so atrocious, that Athamas found his domestic peace entirely ruined. In the course of time he became quite mad; and in a fit of insanity killed his young son Learchus, and pursued Ino and Melicerta to the top of the promontory of Moluris, from whence the fugitives precipitated themselves into the sea. Poetic fiction afterwards placed them among the divinities of the ocean, and they were supposed to be friendly to navigators. Ino was worshipped in Greece under the name of Leucothoe, and at Rome under that of Matuta. The Isthmian Games, so called from their being particularly observed on the Isthmus of Corinth, were instituted in honour of these personages, 1326 B. C. These games were observed every third or fifth year. See an account of them in the "Sequel."

METAMORPHOSES OF CADMUS AND HERMIONE.

CADMUS and Hermione being inconsolable for the loss of their daughter Ino and her unfortunate children, and being altogether disgusted with a country that had been the scene of so much calamity to their family, now determined to abandon Thebes, and to seek in other countries the peace which had there been so often and so tragically interrupted.

They accordingly departed, and after many painful wanderings, in which they were accompanied only by a few faithful attendants, they stopped in Illyria, a country bordering on that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Gulf of Venice, and the Adriatic Sea.

One day as this unfortunate but affectionate couple were conversing together on the subject of

their past misfortunes, Cadmus expressed an idea that the serpent he had killed in his youth might perhaps have been sacred, that is to say, it might have possessed some portion of divinity in itself, or have been particularly consecrated to one of the gods. "If this be the case," said he, "let the gods be appeased, and let me do penance, and expiate my error in the form of the animal I so unwittingly destroyed." Scarcely had he pronounced these words when his body became covered with scales and spots, and lengthening on the ground, soon presented an appearance similar to that of the dragon he had killed in the forest consecrated to the god Mars. He essayed to speak a last adieu to his beloved Hermione, but could only utter the hissing sounds natural to the animal whose form he now bore. Hermione extended her arms to embrace him, and expressing an ardent desire to share his metamorphosis and his fate, she also became a serpent.

The terrified attendants beholding this prodigy fled away in confusion; while the faithful couple in their new forms gained the recesses of a neighbouring wood, where, recollecting what they once were, they remain friendly to man, and neither seek to avoid or injure the unwary passenger.

Naturalists inform us that there is a species of serpent that is quite harmless. Serpents of this kind were called by the Tuscans *cervona*; and Anguilara, in the following lines, intimates that Cadmus and Hermione belonged to this innocent and harmless race.

Questi fecer di serpe quella sorte
 La qual Cervona appella il regno Tosco,
 Non fuggon l' uom, nè mēn temon la morte
 Da lui; nè 'l mordon mai, nè men han tosko
 Or, come vuol la lor cangiata sorte
 Sebben comunemente amano il bosco,
 Han l' uom (che uomini fur) per cōsi fido
 Che fanno in molte case i figli, e il nido.—

ANG.

Note.—1 *Illyria*. This is a country of Greece bordering on the Adriatic Sea, and now forms a part of Croatia, Bosnia, and Sclavonia. The ancient inhabitants of this district were said to be remarkably wary and crafty; and in their affairs of commerce often contrived to outwit their less cautious or less sagacious neighbours, who gave them the name of *Illyrian basilisks*, in the same manner as we are accustomed to call the pretty women of Lancashire, *Lancashire witches*. Hence Cadmus in retiring to Illyria was said to have become a basilisk or serpent, a metaphorical expression which was afterwards taken

in a literal sense. And the people, in honour of their founder, raised pillars and other monuments surmounted by a serpent, similar to the manner in which the Romans were accustomed to erect columns, surmounted by the figure of a wolf suckling the twins Romulus and Remus, the fabled sons of Mars, one of whom is said to have been the founder of the "immortal city."

JUPITER—DANAE—THE GORGON'S HEAD.

ACRISIUS, king of Argos, had a very beautiful daughter whose name was Danae. While this princess was very young, her father had been warned by an oracle that he should die by the hands of a great warrior, who should be her son. Acrisius, however, determined to elude the fulfilment of this prediction by condemning his child to a state of perpetual celibacy; and in this view, he shut her up in a brazen tower, with only a few female attendants, fully resolved that she should never see any man whatever. These precautions proved altogether fruitless; for Jupiter, the father of the gods, interesting himself in the fate of the beautiful prisoner, with a feeling of compassion which is said to be but too nearly allied to love, visited her under the appearance of a shower of

gold. The cruelty of Acrisius excited his anger, and the god determined to punish him by causing his daughter to have a son, and she accordingly became the mother of the celebrated Perseus.

On discovering the child, Acrisius became transported with rage, and gave orders that both the mother and the infant should be enclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea. This dreadful sentence was executed with the greatest rigour; but the waves, more merciful than Acrisius, wafted the chest in safety to the island of Scriphos, one of the Cyclades; and Danae and her son were both rescued from destruction by the timely assistance of a fisherman named Dictys, who presented them to Polydectes, king of the country, by whom they were received and treated with great hospitality and kindness. In process of time, however, Polydectes became jealous of the rising genius and manly courage of Perseus, and on many occasions evinced a malignant pleasure in endeavouring to mortify and vex him.

One day this jealous monarch invited Perseus to a royal banquet, when, according to an ancient usage, every guest was expected to present the king with a horse. The young hero finding himself unable to comply with this custom, and being at the same time unwilling to appear less magni-

ficient than the rest of the company, engaged to present the head of Medusa, the only one of the Gorgons ' who was subject to mortality. Nothing could be more agreeable to Polydectes than this engagement; for as he desired to be rid of Perseus, he hoped that in an attempt, the success of which seemed to be impossible, he would meet his fate, or at least, by the mortification of defeat, be too much humbled ever to think of appearing again in the island of Seriphos. In this, however, Acrisius was mistaken, for Perseus was protected by the gods. Pluto presented him with a helmet, which had the power to render him invisible. Minerva sent him a buckler, which was so transcendently bright, that it reflected every surrounding object as in a mirror. Mercury furnished him with wings and the *talaria*; and Vulcan gave him a sort of sword or dagger made of diamonds: it was of a peculiar form, and was called a *herpe*.

Being now completely armed and accoutred, Perseus began his expedition; and his course, as we may well suppose, was rapid beyond description. In a distant country that is described as lying beyond the utmost boundaries of the ocean, he descried the habitation of the horrible Graiæ, ' three monstrous sisters, who possessed but one eye and one tooth between them; and this solitary eye

and tooth were lent by one to the other, and thus served them each, and all, by turns. Perseus presented himself before these frightful beings, and very civilly desired them to show him the abode of Medusa. This they refused to do; whereupon he dexterously possessed himself of their only eye, and refused to restore it till they should have given him the direction he required. This refusal had the desired effect: they gave him ample instructions relative to the dwelling of the Gorgon, to which he immediately repaired; and rendering himself invisible by means of the helmet he had received from Pluto, he found but little difficulty in effecting his purpose. Medusa slept, and Perseus cut off her head: after which he bore the bleeding trophy over the immeasurable wilds of Libya; and the drops of blood, as they fell, were transformed into serpents; the coiling progenitors of the various species which to this day infest those burning deserts. From this blood sprang also Pegasus the winged horse, and Chrysaor the hero of the golden sword.

This monstrous head became in the hands of Perseus an instrument of vengeance on his enemies; for it was so horrible, that whoever chanced to look on it immediately lost the vital principle, and hardened into stone; a fate which he took care to avoid, by looking on his shield, which, as was before observed, brilliantly reflected every sur-

rounding object ; and it appears that even the Gorgon's head thus seen only by reflection had no petrifying quality.

Observations.—Among the finest paintings in the collection of the Duke of Orleans is one by Annibal Caracci, representing Danae reclining on a couch or sofa ; her beautiful head leaning on her left arm, and her eyes fixed on the falling shower of gold. Near her stands Cupid, busily employed in gathering up the golden pieces, and putting them into his quiver, from which the arrows have been all drawn out. Somewhat resembling this, is the celebrated Danae of Titian in the Royal Gallery at Naples. A good modern painting of this subject has been executed by Mr. James Atkins (a native of Belfast, residing at Rome), the celebrated artist, who recently gratified the relations and friends of the late Miss B—th—t, an amiable young lady who was unfortunately drowned in the Tiber, with an animated and striking likeness of the deceased, painted from recollection.

Statues of Perseus exhibiting the Gorgon's head are very numerous. One of the finest of these is a colossal statue in bronze, which adorns the Loggio Lanzi in Florence. In one hand he holds the head, in the other the *herpe* : the decapitated body lies at his feet.

Notes.—1 *Gorgons*. Few are the personages mentioned in the legends of mythology respecting whose real origin authors have been more divided in their opinions than that of the Gorgons. Some say they were horrible beasts of prey, belonging to a species now extinct, which infested the deserts of Libya; others assert that they were human beings, an African horde living near the lake Tritonia, female warriors like the fabled Amazons of Asia; and others again pronounce them to have been ships, trading from the Levant to Africa, with gold, elephants' teeth, precious stones, &c. From such various and contrary accounts, it may be reasonably inferred that they were merely imaginary beings. Some of our modern literati have concluded that the story of Perseus, from beginning to end, is altogether an astronomical fable, founded on the relative positions of certain hieroglyphic figures, by which the first astronomers found it convenient to collect the stars into groups or constellations. Perseus and the greater number of the personages connected with his adventures are figured on the celestial globe; and who shall determine the epocha of their first representation in this way?

The mythological account of the Gorgons is, that they were three sisters; their names Euryale, Stheno, and Medusa: that only the last mentioned was mortal; that she had been originally extremely beautiful; but having profaned the temple of Minerva, was by the vengeance of that goddess metamorphosed into a mon-

ster, whose terrific appearance had the extraordinary power of petrifying all such as had the misfortune to look on her.

2 *Graiaæ*. Toothless, eyeless monsters, whose father, Phorcus or Phorcys, was a divinity of the ocean. Some have endeavoured to explain this disagreeable fiction by supposing that the *Graiaæ* were three sisters, daughters of a man who owned or reigned over a cluster of islands, of which he gave one to each of his daughters, who employed an overseer or agent to manage their joint concerns in this insular property; that for their domestic or household affairs they engaged a steward or purveyor at their common expense; the first of these, fabled to be the eye, the second the tooth, &c. &c. This will readily be perceived to be an explanation much more ingenious than probable.

PERSEUS AND ATLAS.

PERSEUS being fatigued by a long and rapid flight, stopped towards night at the gates of the palace of the king of Mauritania, the superb Atlas. This monarch was celebrated for his immense riches. He possessed innumerable flocks and herds; and to him belonged the famous and beautiful grounds known in classic story by the name of the Gardens of the Hesperides; the entrance to which gardens was constantly guarded by an enormous dragon. The vast dominions of Atlas extended over that unfathomable sea, into which, at the close of day, the horses of the Sun plunge¹ to refresh themselves after their glorious course through the heavens.

Perseus introduced himself to this monarch as a wayworn traveller, and spoke of the grandeur of his birth, not doubting but this information

would be admitted as an undeniable claim to the hospitality he was constrained to solicit. To his great astonishment, however, he observed that Atlas² suddenly changed countenance, and appeared to be struck with the greatest consternation. In fact, the communication which Perseus had made had recalled to the remembrance of the king of Mauritania a prediction which had long since been uttered by the oracle of Themis, on Mount Parnassus, purporting that the beautiful gardens of the Hesperides should one day be stripped of their golden treasures; and that this daring robbery should be committed by a son of Jupiter. Terrified at this recollection, Atlas not only refused to receive Perseus into his palace, but even proceeded to treat him with gross indignity and violence.

Perseus finding himself unable to resist the attacks of this athletic monarch, who surpassed most of his contemporaries in size and strength, presented to his view the fatal head; on which the inhospitable Atlas had no sooner cast his eyes than his whole frame hardened into a rock, which augmenting on every side, became a mountain, whose height was for many ages believed to exceed that of any other in the world. The Atlantic ocean is by many supposed to derive its name

from this mountain; though some think it was from a large island, or a peninsula advancing from the western coast of Europe towards the opposite continent of America, the name of which is supposed to have been Atlantida. This island, or this peninsula, of which the existence is very doubtful, is said to have been engulfed in the ocean. The date of this catastrophe, if indeed it ever took place at all, is unknown.

The summit of Mount Atlas is always involved in clouds; from whence the poets have imagined that the heavens rested on its top. Hence Atlas was said to support the world on his shoulders; that is to say, the celestial world, or residence of the gods.

Observations.—In the Palazzo Farnese at Rome is an antique statue of Atlas bearing a celestial globe, which he supports on his head, neck, and shoulders.

In the beautiful grounds of the Pratolina, belonging to the Grand-duke of Tuscany, is a colossal statue, representing the genius of the Apennines. This huge figure is commonly called Father Apenninus: he is bending over a piece of water, to express the rivers and fountains that

have their sources in the chain of hills over which he presides. He is in a cramped, sitting, bending posture; and according to his size in that attitude, would, if standing, be more than sixty feet high. It is the work of the celebrated Giovanni di Bologna.

Notes.—1 *Plunge*. The earth we inhabit was believed by the ancients to be a vast plane, surrounded on all sides by the ocean, into which world of waters the sun, moon, and stars, were supposed to descend or plunge when they got below the horizon.

2 *Atlas*. Some authors tell us that Atlas was a Titan prince, who assisted the giants in their war against Jupiter; for which crime he was compelled to bear the heavens on his shoulders. Others say that “the fable that Atlas supported the heavens on his back, arose from his fondness for astronomy, and his often frequenting elevated places and mountains whence he might observe the heavenly bodies.” It is, however, most probable, that the statues which represent Atlas and his globe were never intended to convey any idea of a petrified monarch, a Titan prince, or a studious astronomer; but that they are simply mountain figures, with the attribute of a celestial globe to indicate superior height, or that the

top of Mount Atlas (supposed by the ancients to be the highest of all mountains) was nearer to the heavens than that of any other mountain. Some idea of the comparative immensity and extreme height of this stupendous mass may be formed from a proposal made by an artist to Alexander of Macedon; namely, to cut the mountain into a statue of human form, and of such wondrous magnitude, that it should contain a city in one hand and a river in the other. The proposal was declined, not from a doubt of the artist's abilities, but on account of the enormous expense.

The poets frequently compare their heroes to mountains; which comparisons would often be very awkward if they did not allude to the genius or spirit of the mountain—by artists exhibited in human form.

The genius of Mount Tmolus was represented as a venerable old man, wearing a crown of vine-branches and oak, sometimes of oak only.

The presiding spirit of Mount Rhodope was figured as a dignified female in a sitting posture, with the upper part of her body uncovered.

In the splendid show that marked the triumph of the heroes of Rome, the genius of the city, personified as a noble matron wearing a helmet, and seated on trophies of war, was carried in procession: this exhibition was followed by the figures of many a moun-

tain spirit and river god, emblems of the mountains and rivers that were of most note in the country that had been the scene of action or of conquest.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

EOLUS¹ had shut up the winds in their adamantine prison; the night was calm and serene, and Perseus being delivered from the attacks of the athletic and inhospitable sovereign of Mauritania, slept in peace and security. All nature seemed to repose in silence, till the morning star, the brilliant Lucifer,² arose, and shedding a mild and silvery light on the leafy couch of the shepherd and the agricultor, gently invited them to begin their labour. Perseus still slumbered; but no sooner had Aurora³ opened the shining barriers of the East, and announced the coming of the god of day, than he awoke refreshed and invigorated; then seizing his arms, and mounting the winged Pegasus,⁴ he pursued his way through immeasurable fields of ether, leaving behind him in his rapid flight, cities, nations, and people, without number.

Alighting at length in the dominions of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, Perseus beheld the daughter of that prince, the beautiful Andromeda, chained to a rock, and on the point of being devoured by a sea-monster which Neptune had sent to ravage the country and destroy the inhabitants, as a punishment for the vanity of the Queen Cassiopeia, who had boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereides.

Cepheus having consulted the oracle of Jupiter-Ammon on the means of preserving the rest of his people, had been informed that Neptune could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his daughter to this destructive monster.

Perseus, transported with rage, and animated by love, engaged to save the wretched princess, on condition that she should be given to him in marriage; and the proposal, as we may well imagine, was joyfully accepted.

The sea now became extremely turbulent, and the rising billows, boiling and foaming in an extraordinary manner, announced the approach of the terrific animal. No sooner however had he made his appearance, than Perseus set before him the appalling head, and he instantly shared the fate of the cruel Atlas. Some writers pretend that he was killed by the *falx adamantina*, or

herpe ; that is to say, the crooked sword of diamond which the hero had received from the hands of Vulcan.

Perseus now flew to release Andromeda from her chains, first laying the head of Medusa on the bended stalks of a marine plant, which grew near the rock to which the princess was fastened. The plant immediately became hard as marble, and assumed a beautiful red colour, which the Nereides perceiving, gathered some of the seeds, and sowed them in the bottom of the ocean. From these seeds sprang large branches and trees of a substance called coral,^s which the ancients believed to be soft and flexible while in the sea, and to harden when exposed to the air. Modern discoveries have, however, proved this to be an erroneous opinion.

Observations.—In a small temple of Isis, existing in the ancient city of Pompeia, has been found a fine antique sculpture representing Perseus and Andromeda ; the former has the Gorgon's head in one of his hands.

In the museum of General Walmoden, at Hanover, are two fine antique statues of Perseus and Andromeda, which in 1765 were dug from among

the ruins of the amphitheatre Castrense at Rome. The figures are large as life.

A fine basso relievo in the Capitol exhibits this subject. Another on a sarcophagus in the Palazzo Chigi. The Museum Pio-Clementino (in the Vatican) contains one of superior beauty, which represents Perseus advancing with joyful looks to liberate the chained Andromeda. Her demeanour is peculiarly graceful, and she is covered with a *peplum* (a sort of mantle) forming an elegant drapery. Perseus extends one of his hands to the princess, and with the other is hiding the Gorgon's head. He has wings on his head and feet.

A painting representing this subject has been taken from Herculaneum, and there exists a very fine one by Angelica Mongez, which represents Perseus bearing Andromeda, whom he has just released from the chains that bound her to the rock, to her father. The beautiful Andromeda having swooned at the sight of the monster, appears in a state of insensibility, and the expression marked in the countenance of her father is very striking.

In an apartment of the Florentine Gallery, called the Tuscan School, is a good painting on

this subject; and in another part of that fine museum is a picture by Pietro di Cosimo, master of Andrea del Sarto, which exhibits Cepheus receiving his daughter from the hands of Perseus.

There is a picture belonging to the Nazoni family, which exhibits Pegasus and his groom-nymphs, all engaged in their respective occupations. One is stooping to bathe his feet, another is caressing and sprinkling him with a perfumed water, and a third stands near him with a vase in her hand. They are all crowned with aquatic plants.

Notes.—1 *Eolus*. This was the great spirit the sovereign of the winds, which he kept shut up in caverns, or let loose to desolate the earth, according to the will of Jupiter. Some authors place his cavernus in Eolia or Eolis; others say that they were in Thrace; and others find them in the largest of the Lipari islands, which, as they tell us, were from these denominated the Eolides, or Eolian isles. Ancient poets personified the winds, and ancient artists exhibited these personifications; few, however, of these are now to be seen. Sculptured representations of the four cardinal winds were found about 200 years ago, in digging to lay the foundation of the church of St.

Lorenzo, in a town of Italy called Lucina; but by the negligence and inattention of the monks of the adjoining convent, these figures are entirely lost. Travellers have greatly extolled the beautiful remains of the *tower of the winds* at Athens. It is of an octagon form. On the top of it formerly stood a marble pyramid, with a brazen triton on its point; he held a switch in his hand, with which as he turned about, (for he served as a vane or weathercock) he pointed at the wind then blowing. The tower is said to be still entire, though the pyramid and triton have disappeared.

2 *Lucifer*. A name given to the planet Venus, when rising a little before the sun. In this morning appearance, she is sometimes also called Phosphorus. When this beautiful planet follows the sun, and sets after him in the evening, she is called the Evening-star, Hesperus, or Vesperus.

3 *Aurora*. There is, perhaps, no part of the phenomena of nature that has been more beautifully personified by the poets than the Aurora or morning twilight, which begins to appear in the East when the sun is within eighteen degrees of the horizon. This first faint glimmering of light gradually increases in radiance as the glorious orb of day advances, and in the fine mornings of spring and summer, tinges the light clouds with a roseate hue; the growing splendor is reflected in the refreshing dew-drops that sparkle on

every leaf. The flowers exhale their fragrance ; and the orient heavens are suffused with one vast and boundless blush.

“ The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling,” concentrates these expansive beauties into a form of female loveliness, and the young goddess of the morning stands present to his glowing imagination : she obtains the name of Aurora, and is said to be at once the harbinger and the daughter of Apollo.

The author of that elegant little work entitled “ *Lettres à Emilie*,” has given the following beautiful description of Aurora :—

Dès que le Soleil sort du lit de Téthys, l’Aurore monte sur son char doré, attelé de deux chevaux plus blancs que la neige. Les roues du char tracent dans l’air un léger sillon de pourpre, nuancé d’or et d’azur. La déesse arrive aux portes transparentes de l’orient, et les ouvre avec ses doigts de rose. Là, elle s’arrête sur un nuage, et, d’un œil impatient, elle attend le char de son père. Bientôt, au milieu de l’harmonie des sphères célestes, elle croit entendre le hennissement de ses quatre coursiers : son cœur palpite d’espérance et de joie ; elle regarde encore, et distingue à travers une vapeur enflammée l’ardent Pirois, le léger Eoüs, le fougueux Aëthon, et l’indomptable Phlégon. Puis, elle apperçoit son père lui-même, qui de sa main immortelle tient les rênes étincelantes. A cette vue la fille du Jour rougit de plaisir, ses yeux versent des larmes de tendresse. Les Zéphyrs les recueillent sur

leurs ailes, et les répandent en rosée sur les fleurs.
Ainsi, belle Emilie,

Quand je viens sous votre croisée
Vous offrir un bouquet cueilli dès le matin,
Sur ce présent, qui tremble dans mes mains,
Si vous voyez trembler les pleurs de la rosée,
Ne le refusez pas. Songez que chaque fleur
Doit son éclat, doit sa fraîcheur,
Et les deux parfums qu'elle exhale,
A la piété filiale. DEMOUSTIER.

4 *Pegasus*. The ancient astronomers gave the name of Pegasus to a constellation of twenty stars in the northern hemisphere, and pretended that such as were born under the influence of that constellation would have a passion for the profession of arms; that they would be fierce in fight, and terrible in battle; and they would also have very fine talents for poetry. Pegasus was the symbol of the city of Corinth and her colonies, and his figure was represented on their medals. Pegasus had stables in Olympus, where nymphs were appointed to take care of him. The moderns have given him a place on Parnassus. He is said to assist the sons of song in their poetic flight; but he never bends his back or spreads his wings but for poets of the highest talent.

5 *Coral*. It has been ascertained that coral is not a vegetable but an animal substance, which, close and compact as it appears to our sight, is nevertheless a mass of small cells formed by insects who inhabit

them. The Rev. David Blair, in his valuable little book entitled "*The Universal Preceptor*," observes, that "Corals grow in such quantities, and to such heights in some seas, as to create islands inhabited by men. The Friendly Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, were thus raised by corals from the depth of that sea. Ships have often been lost on coral-rocks."

MARRIAGE OF PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

PERSEUS, in token of gratitude to the gods for the deliverance of his beloved Andromeda, erected in a chosen place three altars ; one on the right for Minerva, one in the middle for Jupiter, and another on the left for Mercury. Having made his offerings, and finished the religious ceremonies therewith connected, the beauteous reward of his prowess and victory presented him her hand. The nuptial procession opened ; Love and Hymen lighted their torches ; the palace, decorated with garlands and trophies, resounded with songs of joy, while the people filled the air with their acclamations.

On the return of the bridal procession, the splendid apartments of the palace were thrown open to the view of the public, and the tables were sumptuously adorned for the nuptial banquet.

During the repast, Perseus, at the request of the guests, recounted to them the story of his late adventures; informing them, that far to the west he had discovered a fortified place inhabited by the Graiæ, the daughters of Phorcus; who being three in number, had yet but one eye and one tooth among them; that having found means to possess himself of their eye, he had refused to restore it to them until they should direct him to the dwelling of Medusa; that in proceeding to the place, he had found the way greatly obstructed by the rocky figures of animals which had been petrified at the sight of the gorgon, whom he found asleep in her habitation; that he cut off her head, and proceeding with it over the wilds of Libya, the drops that fell from this bleeding trophy on the earth had engendered Pegasus, the winged horse, and Chrysaor, the hero of the golden sword. Here Perseus was interrupted by one of the company, who asked if he could tell him by what means Medusa came to have her head surrounded by serpents; to which the bridegroom replied, that she had in time past been remarkable for her beauty, and above all for her fine flowing hair, of which she was extremely proud; and that her beauty had been changed to ugliness, and her hair into serpents, as a punishment for having

made the temple of Minerva the scene of her flirtation and disorderly conduct. The goddess having taken this signal vengeance for the want of respect which had been evinced for her sanctuary, caused the horrible head of the gorgon to be engraven on her *ægis* or shield, as a warning and terror to her enemies.

Perseus had scarcely ended this narration when the hilarity of the feast was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Phineus, the uncle of Andromeda, to whom she had been promised in marriage by her parents previously to her being exposed to the sea-monster. Phineus was accompanied by a number of armed Cepheians, who in a tumultuous manner insisted that Perseus should deliver up his bride into their hands. A scene of hostility ensued. The apartment was soon drenched in blood. Above forty of the nobles were slain; and the ground was covered with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Perseus and Andromeda had taken refuge behind the altar of Hymen; and their invisible protectress, Pallas, preserved them in safety by covering them with her *ægis*.

Observations.—The representation of this nuptial festivity, with others of like nature, are frequently found in the basso-relievo ornaments of

ancient sarcophagi ; which, though they served as cases or coffins for the dead, are for the most part embellished with joyous subjects, as marriage festivals, triumphal processions, bacchanalian revels, &c. ; by which representations it should seem that the ancients strove to lose the gloomy idea of death in the recollection of some of the gayest scenes of human life. Some authors account for these discordant exhibitions by supposing that these sarcophagi were constantly exposed to sale in shops, and being ornamented according to the taste or skill of the maker, were purchased at various prices, determined by the beauty of the workmanship by which they were embellished. Hence the basso-relievo figures had no relation whatever to the history of the deceased person by whom the sarcophagus was occupied ; and even the inscriptions had seldom any allusions to his fate or story. See a farther account of sarcophagi in the note annexed to the story of the *Death of Ajax*.

Note.—1 *Hymen*. The god of marriage, a near relation of Cupid, some say a brother ; his office was to attend at marriage solemnities ; and, together with Cupid, is often represented as preparing and ornamenting the nuptial apartment of persons whose union

was to prove fortunate and happy. He is represented as a fine young man, dressed in a saffron-colour robe : some deck him in a purple robe, and give him a veil of saffron or flame-colour, which he holds in one hand. He wears a garland of marjoram and roses, and bears a torch in his right hand. If at the nuptial ceremony the flame of this torch burned brightly, it was a token that the marriage would be happy ; and, on the contrary, if it had a red lurid appearance, it portended affliction and misery.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

PHINEUS having escaped from the palace, soon came back with a reinforcement to renew the attack, when Perseus, followed by those who supported his cause, rushed out to meet the assailants; and finding, after a long and desperate combat, that he and his faithful adherents were likely to be overcome by superior numbers, he seized the Gorgon's head, and commanding his attendants to turn aside, he presented it full in the face of his enemies, who were all instantly changed into statues, every one in the hostile attitude in which he stood at the moment when the fearful vision met his view.

Perseus conducting with him his beloved Andromeda,¹ now returned to Argos, where he found that his uncle Proetus had usurped the throne of

Acrisius. Medusa's head was again the instrument of vengeance, and Proetus became a statue in the palace from which he had driven his brother. Perseus afterwards repaired to Seriphos, where he arrived at the very moment in which his mother Danae had fled to the temple of Minerva for protection against the violence of Polydectes, who had grossly insulted her. Dictys, who had before saved her from the sea, interposed in her defence; and Perseus, to reward his humanity, placed him on the throne of Seriphos, having first transformed the wicked Polydectes into a statue, together with all those who had been accomplices in his guilt. He then with all due solemnity restored to Mercury his *talaria* and his wings; to Pluto his helmet; to Vulcan his sword; and to Minerva her shield with the Gorgon's head placed thereon as an offering.

Soon after these events, Perseus embarked with his mother and Andromeda for Peloponnesus; and going to Larissa, where Teutamias, king of the country, was celebrating funeral games in honour of his deceased father, the hero entered the lists, and signalled himself by his skill in throwing the quoit, of which some authors say he was the original inventor. Here the oracle respecting Acrisius, the father of Danae, was fulfilled. Acrisius

went to Larissa to meet his grandson, to whom he was indebted for his restoration to his throne: he found him engaged at play, where, at the sight of his grandfather, being seized with a desire to display his superior skill, he discharged his quoit with uncommon force. It unfortunately hit Acrisius on the head, and he died on the spot.

Perseus remained for a long time inconsolable. He was now heir to the throne of Argos; but as he could never forgive himself or forget his involuntary act of parricide, he staid but a very short time in that country. He exchanged his kingdom for Tirynthus and the maritime coasts of Argolis, where Megapenthes, the son of Proetus, then reigned, and where Perseus afterwards founded Mycenæ, which became the capital of his new dominions.

Perseus received divine honours after his death. Statues were erected to his memory at Mycenæ, and in the island of Seriphos. Even the Athenians raised a temple to his honour, and therein consecrated an altar to Dictys, who had treated Danae and her infant son with so much kindness.

Observations. — Among the beautiful fresco paintings by Annibale and Agostino Caracci that

adorn the ceilings of the Palazzo Farnese, is one that exhibits Perseus petrifying Phineus and his armed followers, by showing them the Gorgon's head.

Note.—1 *Andromeda*. Some authors assert that the adventures of Andromeda happened, not in Ethiopia, but at Joppa (a maritime town of Judea, now called Jaffa). Pliny mentions that the skeleton of the huge monster she had been exposed to was brought to Rome, by Scaurus, and very carefully preserved; and St. Jerome speaks of their showing pieces and marks of the chain by which she had been attached to the rock. From these accounts we may reasonably conclude, that a fable is not the less fabulous because the name of the place is mentioned where the incident is said to have happened, or because the relics of bones, old iron, &c. may be produced in confirmation of its truth.

Navigators observe that the entrance into the port of Joppa is very dangerous, on account of the multiplicity of rocks that lie before it. Some one or other of these, in its fantastic form, may have given the idea of a petrified monster, and the city itself might at some period have been personified under the figure of a beautiful woman attached to a rock. There were few cities of any consequence that were not personified by the Romans. The Egyptian town of Alexandria

was figured as a fine woman surrounded by the attributes of plenty. This was the granary of Rome, and therefore the abundance of vines and sheaves of corn about her were very apt and appropriate emblems. Alexandria is thus exhibited on a medal of Adrian.

PALLAS VISITS THE MUSES.

PALLAS,¹ on leaving Perseus, after her interview with him in the island of Seriphos, went to visit the Muses² on Mount Helicon. These tuneful sisters were all much delighted to see the goddess, and all exerted their finest talents to please and entertain her. After passing some hours together in the most agreeable manner, they sat down to repose themselves, and began a very pleasing and interesting conversation; the subject of which soon turned on the beauties of the new fountain that embellished the valley beneath, and had been produced by a kick of the winged horse Pegasus, from which circumstance it had received the name of Hippocrene, or, *the horse's fountain*. Pallas expressed a desire to see it, and the Muses politely accompanied her to the spot. Here they reclined under some spreading trees. The god-

dess appeared quite happy, and was full of admiration of the delightful spring of water, the beautiful valley, and the sacred hill by which it was sheltered and overshadowed ; and she repeatedly felicitated the Muses on their being destined to inhabit a place on which nature had lavished so many beauties. While she spoke she was surprised to hear an extraordinary rustling among the trees, and a sound like that of a human voice, issuing from among the branches, and saluting her by name. She inquired what it was, and one of the Muses informed her that it was a magpie ; “a species of bird,” said she, “of which there are eight others in the trees.” She then proceeded to inform the goddess that these birds had originally been princesses of Macedonia, and were the daughters of Pierus, king of that country. As these princesses were all very conceited, (rendered so, perhaps, by the flattery usually paid to persons of their rank,) they had the temerity to challenge the Muses to a trial of skill in music. “Cease, goddesses of Thespia,”³ said they ; “cease to deceive the vulgar by your vain pretensions ; and if you have really any confidence in yourselves, accept the challenge we offer. We fear neither your voices nor your talents. We are equal to you in number, and we make no doubt of being found equal, and even superior to you

in skill. Let the nymphs judge between us. If you are vanquished, we claim that you shall resign to us the mount Helicon and the fountains Hippocrene and Aganippe ; and, on the contrary, if your talents are found to exceed ours, we will give you the beautiful country of Emathia, as far as the snow-covered mountains of Pæonia."

The challenge was accepted ; and the nymphs who were constituted judges swore by the Styx to give an impartial decision.

The elder of the Pierides then began a song in praise of the bravery of the giants, who dared to wage war with Jupiter, and in ridicule of the pusillanimity which had induced the gods and goddesses to escape into Egypt under the forms of various animals. She ceased ; and Calliope, in her turn, began ; the hills resounding with the divine melody of her voice, while she sang the achievements of the goddess Ceres, and the benefits which, by teaching the arts of agriculture, she had conferred upon the human race. All the other Muses, and all the Pierides, sung by turns ; and long and loud, as we may well imagine, was the contest between these eighteen females.

The nymphs decided in favour of the Muses ; upon which the Pierides murmured and scolded, and were so exceedingly insolent, that their divine

competitors thought themselves justified in transforming them all into magpies.

Pallas having heard with attention the story of this curious challenge, and some other equally wonderful narrations, now took leave. The Muses expressed much regret at her departure, and they separated mutually pleased with each other.

Observations.—Zosimus, in his “History of the Roman Emperors,” mentions nine antique statues of the Muses, of curious workmanship and great beauty, that were brought from Thespia, and carried to Constantinople by order of Constantine, to adorn the magnificent palace he had built in that city. These beautiful figures were destroyed, together with the palace, in an insurrection occasioned by the banishment of the bishop St. John Chrysostom, who had incurred the displeasure of the emperor for opposing the intended erection of a statue in honour of the empress.

There is in the Vatican palace at Rome a circular room called the *Sala delle Muse*, which contains beautiful statues of all the nine Muses.

There was in the Vatican Museum a superb sarcophagus, called *la Tomba delle Muse*, on account of the fine basso-relievo representations of these goddesses by which it was embellished : in

1803 it was transported to the *Musée des Beaux Arts* at Paris. It is now probably restored to its former station. Sarcophagi, ornamented in the same manner, may be seen in the Capitoline and Medici Galleries, and in many other museums.

The Muses are represented in a painting found in Herculaneum, and in Raphael's celebrated *Parnassus*. "They are," says Mr. Butler, "sometimes represented as dancing in a chorus, to intimate the near and indissoluble connexion which exists between the liberal arts and sciences." A beautiful picture in the Palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, exhibits them in this way.

In the ancient city of Rome the Muses had no less than three temples, in one of which they were honoured under the name of *Camoenæ*.

Notes.—1 *Pallas* was a name of Minerva, but was most commonly applied to her as the goddess presiding over the councils and stratagems of war. The little talismanic image of this goddess, on the preservation of which depended the liberties and the civil and political existence of the Trojans, was called the *Palladium*; of which see an account in the "Sequel."

Pallas, in astronomy, is a name given to a small planet of 140 miles in diameter, which was discovered

in 1802 by Dr. Olbers of Bremen in Germany. Its orbit is between that of Mars and Ceres* (another recently-discovered planet). Pallas performs her revolution in about three years.

2 *Muses*. These are generally considered as the nine daughters of Jupiter and a Titan princess named Mnemosyne, or Memory. The knowledge of music, poetry, and all the liberal arts, is said to be the result or effect of their inspiration. Their leader and patron is the divine Apollo, who in this character is called Apollo-Musagetes. Their names are, Clio, the muse of history ; Euterpe, of music ; Thalia, of festival and comic poetry ; Melpomene, of tragedy ; Terpsichore, of dancing ; Erato, of lyric and tender poetry ; Polyhymnia, of singing and rhetoric ; Calliope, of eloquence and heroic poetry ; and Urania, of astronomy.

Parnassus was the usual *séjour* of the Muses, though they occasionally visited other places. Mount Helicon (now forming a part of Livadia in European Turkey) was sacred to them. For a more particular account of the Muses, and their respective attributes, see the "Sequel."

3 *Thespia*. A city in which the Muses were particularly honoured, and had a magnificent temple. It is situated at the foot of Mount Helicon, and is now called *Neocorio*.

PYRENEUS AND THE MUSEUS.

PYRENEUS,¹ king of Thrace, had taken by force of arms the city of Daulis, which is situated near Mount Parnassus. This prince happening one day to perceive the Muses, as they were passing near his gardens in their way to the celebrated temple of Themis, which stood on the highest summit of that double-peaked mountain, ran to throw himself at their feet, under the pretext of reverencing their divinity, and entreated them to honour his palace with their presence, by taking shelter therein from a heavy shower of rain that just then began to fall. The Muses accepted his invitation, and Pyreneus, with every possible appearance of delight and pleasure, seemed to exert his utmost efforts to manifest his hospitable intentions, and his lively sense of the favour they had done him in condescending to become his guests.

The Muses having stayed some time in the palace, at length wished to proceed on their way to the temple, and they accordingly made some anxious inquiries respecting the appearance of the weather; whereupon Pyreneus invited them to go with him to the top of one of the towers or turrets of the palace, from whence they might look at the sky, and judge for themselves whether it would be prudent yet to pursue their way.

The sun shone brightly; all appearance of the rain had passed away, and the Muses therefore proposed to take their leave; but how great was their surprise when the tyrant informed them that the doors of his palace were by his express order shut, and strongly guarded, and that consequently they were his prisoners! He then proceeded to treat them with great indignity.

Struck with terror and dismay at this flagrant instance of deceit and cruelty, the Muses now earnestly implored the aid of Apollo, who instantly furnished them with wings, and they all flew away, rejoicing to find themselves delivered from this false and insolent monarch, who, rashly attempting to follow them in their flight, fell to the ground and was dashed to pieces.

Questo sciocchissimo e misero mortale
Non s' accorgendo ch' ei non era un Dio.
Nè prevedendo il suo propinquo male,
Mosso dal troppo ardente empio desio,
Saltò fuor della loggia, al volo intento,
E fidò il gravissimo suo corpo al vento.

Con la parte celeste al cielo aspira
Per seguir le Muse quest' amante stolto,
Ma la terrea virtù ch' in terra il tira
Fa ch' all' antica madre si batte il volto.—
Da lui lo spirto in poco tempo spira,
E ver l' inferno va libero e sciolto.
Del sangue ingiusto avendo il terren tinto
Il corpo, pria che fosse in tutto estinto.

ANG.

Note.—1 *Pyreneus*. Plutarch observes, that Pyreneus was an enemy to learning and the fine arts; and in the places which he conquered by force of arms he caused the colleges and academies where they were taught to be destroyed. Those who wished to cultivate the arts and sciences fled from his power, and sought refuge in countries or states governed in a manner more favourable to their sublime and humanising pursuits. In this fable Pyreneus is metaphorically represented as ill-treating the Muses, and procuring his own death by a vain attempt to follow them in their flight.

In allusion to this fable the Muses are sometimes represented with wings.

PLUTO WOUNDED BY CUPID.

THE island of Sicily ¹ is the place where a great number of the giants, who dared to wage war with the celestial divinities, are said to have been precipitated by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. It is there that Typhæus, or Typhon, the most enormous of this monstrous race, lies confined under huge masses of mountains, his right arm extending to Cape Pelorus, and his left under that of Pachynus; his legs are covered by the promontory of Lilybæum, and his head pressed by Mount Etna, through whose hollow volcanic caverns proceed flames, vapours, and smoke, which are breathed forth from his enormous and horrid mouth. The frequent earthquakes which happen in the island are said to be produced by the efforts of this monster to disengage himself from the immense weight that oppresses him. These convulsions, which terrify

the inhabitants of the earth, strike terror also through the vast regions of Pluto.

The whole country having been threatened with destruction, by a more than commonly dreadful earthquake, which was rapidly succeeded by several others, Pluto became apprehensive that these frequent and tremendous agitations might have produced in the neighbourhood of Mount Etna some chasm or opening by which the inhabitants of his realms might revisit the light of day, and therefore thought it expedient to go in person and examine the state of the island. He accordingly issued forth from his sombre palace, and ascending his car, which was drawn by black fiery steeds, proceeded on his journey of investigation.

Having reconnoitred the state of the country, and satisfied himself that all was safe, the awful monarch was returning to his own empire, unmoved, and altogether insensible to the luxuriant beauties of rural nature which every where invited his admiration. Venus perceived him from the top of Mount Eryx, and caressing her son, engaged him to aim a burning arrow at the heart of this stern, self-collected, gloomy divinity, whose stubborn indifference provoked her resentment. Cupid obeyed. The aim he took was sure. The golden messenger transfixed the bosom of the sullen tra-

veller, and Pluto, roused from his insensibility, became alive to the impressions of beauty, and acknowledged the power of the god of love.

Note.—1 *Sicily*. Many geographers have supposed that this island once made a part of the continent, and that it was separated from Italy by an earthquake. This opinion seems to be well founded. Sicily is a country much celebrated in mythological tradition. The poets pretend that the Cyclops were its first inhabitants, and that they laboured under the immediate direction of Vulcan in the forges of Mount Etna. The mountain of Eryx was consecrated to Venus, and she had a remarkably fine temple near its top. It was enriched by many of the Roman emperors, and among the valuable antiques it contained, was a golden heifer as large as nature, said to be the work of the celebrated Dedalus. Mount Eryx is said to have been a favourite retreat of the goddess of beauty, and she is frequently represented as playing with or caressing her son Cupid on this eminence. The island of Sicily was consecrated to the goddess Ceres. The capes Pachynus, Pelorus, and Lilybæum, are now called Passaro, Faro, and Boco. On the top of Cape Faro is a pharos or light-house to direct mariners at sea.

PLUTO CARRIES OFF PROSERPINE.

IN the vicinity of the town of Enna,¹ in Sicily, is a beautiful lake, which may vie with the Cays-ter for the multitude of swans that are constantly to be seen on its surface. Nothing can exceed the charms of the surrounding country. The blue water reflecting the azure firmament, is in one part overshadowed by lofty trees, which form the outskirts of a thick and extensive wood, through which the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate. The air is cool and refreshing, and the verdant meadows which stretch along the eastern banks of the lake, are constantly enamelled with flowers of a thousand dyes.

In this delightful spot the young and beautiful Proserpine, daughter of the goddess Ceres, was one day amusing herself with several of her young companions,² who were striving with each other

which of them should make the prettiest garlands. At a moment when they were all loudly disputing about the comparative taste and elegance of some of these flowery productions, Pluto passed by in his car, and being struck with the beauty of Proserpine, he leaped on the ground, seized her, re-ascended, placed her by his side, and drove off with incredible velocity. The lovely Proserpine now called on her mother, now on her young companions, and now lamented the loss of her flowers, which had fallen through a rent made in her robe while endeavouring to escape from the grasp of her too-powerful lover.

Pluto in the mean time animated his horses and drove on with increasing rapidity, passing over rocks and precipices, and rushing through rivers and lakes.

They had now proceeded beyond the pools of the Palici,³ whose constantly-boiling waters emit a strong smell of sulphur, had passed the city of Syracuse built by the sons of Bacchus on their banishment from Corinth, and were arrived on the banks of the lake of Cyane, so called from the nymph who presides over the waters. Scarcely had the feet of the horses touched the rippling waves, when the nymph, emerging from her liquid dwelling, perceived the beautiful Proserpine, and

began to expostulate with Pluto on the folly of taking a wife by force. She then related a long story about her husband Anapus, declaring that she had accepted him in consequence of her being softened and subdued by his prayers, but that indeed she should never have been able to love him if he had attempted to carry her away by violence. While she spoke she kept her arms extended as if to oppose the passage of the car. Pluto, vexed at her foolish opposition, and provoked to impatience by her long tedious story, to which, however, being sensible of the attention due to a female, he had at first politely stopped to listen, now hurled his sceptre into the middle of the lake, and therewith opened a passage through which the car immediately descended, transporting him to his own dominions with the beautiful Proserpine, who thus became the partner of his throne.

Quel premio avrò dell' opera mia? dicea
Cupido, al Re delle Tartaree soglie,
Per me, rapisti la vezzosa dea
Per me, tu al bruno sen la stringi moglie.

Pluto rispose, La magion Letea
Spirti troppo al tuo genio avversi, accoglie,
Pur, fra la turba sconsolata e rea
Se vuoi servi, gli avrai. Scegli a tue voglie.

Tacque Cupido, e dopo breve istanti
Disse : All' arbitrio mio dunque ridotti
Fra la tenebre, voglio i sogni erranti.

Pluto assenti : furon d' allor condotti
Da Amore i sogni : e aveste affitti amante
Sonni funesti, e dolorose notti.

INCOGNITO.

Observations.—Among the most precious works of Praxiteles were two beautiful groups illustrative of this fable. One of them adorned the city of Athens, the other was set up at Thespia.

On a sarcophagus in the Florentine Gallery is a basso-relievo representation of this story. Pluto and Proserpine are seated in a car drawn by four black horses, and preceded by Mercury. Cupid appears in the air just over the car : in his hand he bears a flaming torch. In this piece are several female figures, an altar, &c.

In the Justinian Gallery is a marble group of this subject, which is remarkable for a female figure, rising, and half emerged from the ground ; she wears a veil floating in the wind, and is supposed to be a symbolical representation of the earth joyfully receiving the grain of which Proserpine was an emblem.

At Versailles is a beautiful group from the chisel of François Girardon, representing Pluto

carrying off the object of his affections. The god has a crown on his head, which emits rays; they are few in number, and appear jagged or broken; between them is seen the black stiff hair which the poets ascribe to this divinity. Proserpine appears to be in a swoon, and one of her attendants lies stretched at her feet. The softness of their countenances, contrasted with the stern ferocious look of Pluto, the terror expressed in their faces, and the joy that sparkles in his eyes, are strikingly and happily represented.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is a beautiful painting by Francesco Albani, which is commonly called *la danza degli Amorini*. In this picture Cupid, who is in the air, is stopping in his flight to kiss the beautiful mouth of his mother, and with his left hand he is pointing to a car in which Pluto is carrying away Proserpine. His looks are expressive of triumph. Several beautiful *amorini* or loves, having kept their bows, are dancing round a spreading tree, in celebration of this new victory of their brother. Other *amorini* act as musicians, and are sitting in the shadow of the same tree, playing on different musical instruments.

Notes.—1 *Enna*. This town is situated nearly in the middle of the island of Sicily, and is now called Castro-Janni. The neighbouring lake, on account of the number of swans seen on its surface, was compared to a noted river of Asia called the Cayster.

2 *Companions*. The companions of Proserpine are said by some authors to have been the syrens and nymphs.

3 *Palici*. These are two pools of bituminous waters, the largest of which is called the Lago Palice. Over this lake is sometimes seen a faint appearance of a phenomenon which travellers have supposed to be peculiar to the Straits of Messina, and to which extraordinary aerial appearance the Sicilians have given the name of Fata-Morgana.

CERES CHANGES A BOY INTO A LIZARD.

CERES¹ being inconsolable for the loss of her daughter, Proserpine, sought her with unceasing anxiety. By day she began her pursuit as soon as Aurora had announced the rising of the sun. At night she continued her search, carrying in her hands torches which she had lighted at the flames of Mount Etna. After many long and painful wanderings, she happened one evening to stop at the door of a cottage, and being quite overcome with hunger and fatigue, she entreated the poor woman who inhabited it to give her some refreshment. Becubo (for that was the name of the aged cottager) had just prepared some *polenta*, a sort of hasty pudding made of chestnut-flour boiled in water, and was expecting

her family to supper. This she presented to the goddess with great courtesy and hospitality, making a thousand apologies for the coarseness of the fare. Ceres, who was suffering from exhaustion, thirst, and hunger, devoured the welcome mess with such eagerness and avidity, that a little unmannerly boy who observed her, burst into a loud laugh, and at last growing rather cross, called her a greedy creature. The poor child was perhaps alarmed at seeing her eat so voraciously, from an idea that he might be deprived of his own supper. The peasant children were perhaps then, as they are still in all parts of Italy, very fond of *polenta*. On this occasion Ceres unhappily lost the command of her temper; and forgetting the respect due to herself, and the gratitude she owed to poor Becubo for her hospitality and kindness, she gave way to the first impulse of anger, and throwing the contents of her dish or porringer into the boy's face, metamorphosed him into a small species of lizard, called a stellion.

On beholding this prodigy, the poor old woman wept bitterly, and stooped down to take up the lizard, but it escaped into a hole, and she saw it no more.

Piange l' affitta vecchia, e guarda quelle
Membre, fatte sì picciole, e sì tosto
Vorria toccarlo, e teme, e non sa donde
Debba afferrarlo, ed ei fugge e s' asconde.

ANG.

Observations.—On Mount Eleus, in Arcadia, was a temple consecrated to Ceres, in which was her statue with the body of a woman and the head of a horse.

In Sicily were several statues of this goddess veiled in black with the head of a horse, and holding in one hand a dove, and in the other a dolphin.

The Phigalians (a people of Peloponnesus) had a statue of this goddess with the head and mane of a horse, the latter having serpents instead of hair: to this statue they gave the name of the Black Ceres.

On a medal of the city of Metapontum, in Magna Grecia, and on another in Naples, in the possession of the Duke di Caraffa Noia, this goddess is represented with her veil thrown back, her beautiful human head adorned with a garland of ears of corn, surmounted by a splendid diadem, and with her hair carelessly falling over her forehead. The reverse, or contrary side, of both these

medals have a stalk of corn in full ear, with a mouse near it.

In the *Grande Galerie* at Versailles is a portrait of Louis XIV. He appears calling his land and sea forces to arms; and Ceres having quitted her car drawn by dragons, and which appears in the back-ground, is leaning on the arm of a female figure that represents Plenty or Abundance, and offering the monarch all that is necessary for the subsistence of his armies.

Note.—1 *Ceres*, the goddess of agriculture, presiding particularly over corn and harvests. Some authors pretend that Ceres was a deified queen of Sicily, who had been placed among the gods as a reward for the justice that had marked her reign, and the zeal with which she had instructed the people in the arts of rural industry. The Greeks held her to be the daughter of Saturn and Ops; and she seems to bear a strong affinity to the Egyptian Isis. Ceres is represented by the artists and poets as a fine majestic woman; but the grace of her form is somewhat impaired by the extraordinary size of her bosom. She has a fine open countenance, with fair hair and languishing blue eyes. On her head she wears a garland of green wheat, poppies, and corn-flowers. In one hand she holds a flaming torch, or a sickle, and in the

other a bunch of ears of corn, and sometimes a sceptre. Her car is sometimes drawn by lions, but more commonly by winged serpents.

Ceres, notwithstanding her general bounty and goodness, seems to have been rather greedy and passionate : witness the speed with which she ate up the shoulder of Pelops, and the avidity she displayed in devouring the mess presented to her by the hospitable Becubo, whose young friend she afterwards transformed into a lizard.

The grief of Ceres for the loss of her daughter was very great ; and during her search after this dear child the cultivation of the earth was neglected, and the ground became barren.

Many extraordinary adventures are attributed to this goddess. One of the most remarkable was that of her having once assumed the form of a mare, in order to avoid the pursuit of Neptune. The god of the ocean was in a furious passion ; and to cure her of the trick of assuming the figure of a beast, he caused her to become the mother of a famous courser, that bore the name of Arion. The birth of this monster so offended Ceres, that she retired into solitude. Pan discovered her in Arcadia, and informing Jupiter of her retreat, he kindly sent the *Parcæ* to comfort her ; and she returned again to bless with her presence her favourite island of Sicily.

Many were the religious festivals observed in honour of Ceres, and also of her daughter Proserpine.

The most celebrated of these were the *Eleusinian mysteries*, which were introduced into Attica by Eumolpus, 1356 B. C. See an account of these mysteries in the "Sequel."

CERES AND ARETHUSA.

CERES having sought her beloved Proserpine in almost every part of the world, now returned to Sicily; and passing by the Lake of Cyane, descried her daughter's girdle floating on the surface of the water: distracted at this sight, she expressed her grief in loud lamentations; accusing all the inhabitants of the island of having been accessory to the loss of her darling child: and this delightful country, which had ever been the object of her peculiar care, was now condemned to become a scene of barrenness. In the anguish of her grief and despair, she broke the instruments of husbandry, and doomed to destruction the beasts employed in the cultivation of the earth. In one of these moments of frenzy, in which she had made her way to Ortygia,¹ she was suddenly accosted by the naiade Arethusa, beseeching her

not to punish the inhabitants of this heretofore favoured country, who, ever grateful and faithful to their celestial benefactress, had by no means merited her anger; and after some farther expostulations, Arethusa informed the goddess that Proserpine was become the wife of Pluto, and queen of the infernal regions.

Ceres was greatly surprised at this information; and after asking a variety of questions concerning her beloved daughter, she expressed an interest in the fate of the amiable nymph who had so earnestly interceded for the preservation of the inhabitants of this favoured island, and perceiving that she was a stranger, inquired the motive of her coming into that country. Arethusa replied to her inquiries by the following relation:—

“ I was born at Pisa, a city of Achaia, and was one of the most admired nymphs of that country. My inclination led me to wander about the woods, where I was accustomed to amuse myself by laying snares for the birds. One day, as I was returning from the forest of Stymphalus, I happened to pass near a fountain of running water, which was shaded on all sides by willows and poplars, whose luxuriant foliage being reflected in the clear stream, invited me to enjoy the pleasure of bathing. . . .

“ Scarcely had I plunged beneath the cooling wave, when I heard the voice of the young Alpheus, who came running breathless with haste, and endeavoured to seize me in the water. I instantly gained the shore, and fled with incredible speed, having left my garments on the opposite bank. In my flight I traversed fields, meadows, and forests, my lover still pursuing. In the vicinity of the city of Elis he nearly overtook me; when the goddess Diana, in compassion to my situation, enveloped me in a cloud, and I ran on, unperceived by Alpheus. This protecting goddess at length opened a passage for me under ground, where I continued my flight; and after a long and devious course, rose in this place, where I am now established and appointed by the gods to be the tutelar spirit, or naiade of this fountain, which the Sicilians call by my name.”

Or, mentre sotto il mar per molte miglia
L' onde nascoste mie, conduco meco
Io veggio tutta l' infernal famiglia,
E ciò che fan nel più profondo speco.
E, fra gli altri, ho veduta la tua figlia.
Ma Regina del regno opaco e cieco !
Ma che comanda all' infernal magione !
Ma Dea del Orco, e moglie di Plutone !

Sicchè non sol tu dei pianger sì forte
D' aver, per maggior ben, perduta lei ;

Ma ch' ell' abbia acquistato un tal consorte,
Mi par, che molto rallegrar ti dei.
Or, qual potea maggior ritrovar sorte,
Qual maggior nobiltà fra gli alti dei,
S' ella chiama marito il Re notturno
Giunon cognata, e socero Saturno !

ANG.

Note.—1 *Ortygia*. This is a small island within the bay of Syracuse : it anciently formed a principal quarter of the celebrated city from which the bay derives its name, and is now the only part remaining of that great and commercial capital.

As there happens to be in *Ortygia* a fountain called *Arethusa*, and a small rivulet or stream near it named *Alphaga* or *Alpheus*, the mythologists pretended that the fountain of *Arethusa* in the Grecian city of *Pisa*, and the river *Alpheus*, on the banks of which that city is seated, had passed under the sea, and rose again in *Ortygia*. Hence *Arethusa* was said to be a nymph of *Diana*, who going to bathe in the waters of the *Alpheus*, had inspired the river-god with a passion that induced him to pursue her ; and that in consequence of a prayer preferred by the nymph to the protecting goddess, when sinking with fatigue, she had been metamorphosed into a fountain of running water, which by a subterraneous passage had attained the island in which, as the naiade or presiding spirit of the stream, she is represented as accosting the goddess *Ceres*, and pleading for the prosperity of *Sicily*. Among the

people it was commonly believed that whatever was thrown into the river *Alpheus*, in *Elis*, would, after some time, rise again in the fountain of *Arethusa*, in *Ortygia*.

THE VISIT OF CERES TO HER DAUGHTER,
AND CONSEQUENT EXPEDITION OF TRIPTOLEMUS.

CERES having ended her conversation with Arethusa, ascended her car drawn by winged dragons, and went to make her complaint to Jupiter, and to entreat him to restore her daughter.

The sovereign of the gods granted Ceres permission to visit Proserpine in her new abode, and even to reconduct her to the earth, if it could be proved that she had eaten nothing since she had shared the throne of Pluto. On receiving this permission, Ceres sent her car to the young Triptolemus,¹ with orders that he should travel and teach mankind the arts of agriculture, while she went to the realms of Pluto, in the hope of regaining her beloved child; a hope founded on a notion that grief might have kept her fasting.

The new queen of Erebus was overjoyed to

see her mother, and speedily prepared to follow her, when Ascalaphus, the son of Acheron and Orphne, declared that he had seen her eat seven grains of a pomegranate that she had plucked from a tree which grew in the Elysian fields. This unexpected testimony mortified Proserpine, and made her so angry, that she instantly transformed the babbler into a screech-owl, which the ancients held to be a bird of ill omen.

The elegant and durable flowers of the pomegranate were used as emblems of perfect friendship, and the fruit was the symbol of union and agreement. By eating the seeds of this fruit Proserpine had sealed her union with Pluto, and with the inhabitants of Elysium.

Ceres now returned to Jupiter with new complaints and new entreaties respecting the restoration of her daughter; and after much fruitless application, she obtained from the celestial court an order, authorising Proserpine to pass a portion of the year with her mother, provided the rest was spent in the dominions and company of her husband.

Triptolemus, having received the car, had in the mean time set out on the expedition commanded by his foster-mother; and being zealous to obey her orders, had travelled over Europe and

Asia, dispensing corn to the people, and teaching them the arts of husbandry. After a long and fatiguing course, Triptolemus happened to stop in the dominions of Lyncus, king of Scythia. The monarch received him with much seeming hospitality; but being jealous of the important mission of the young stranger, and wishing to pass among his subjects for the inventor of the useful arts he had come to teach, he formed the horrible design of destroying him in his sleep. He accordingly watched a favourable moment, and approaching his bed, prepared to give the fatal blow, when suddenly the weapon of destruction with which he had armed himself dropped from his hand, and he was metamorphosed into a lynx; an animal which in hieroglyphic description stands for a symbol of jealousy, perfidy, and ingratitude.

Observations.—The ornaments of the celebrated Brunswick vase represent Ceres and Triptolemus in a car drawn by dragons. They are exhibited in a similar manner on a superb cameo in the Royal Library at Paris.

In a vase that belonged to the gallery of Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, Triptolemus appears to have just taken his seat in the car of his protecting

goddess. He is crowned with a garland of myrtle; and Ceres is giving him some ears of corn, while a nymph is presenting food in a *patera*, a sort of shallow cup, to one of the serpents.

There is in Rome a very remarkable ancient statue of a female figure wearing a girdle, on which is exhibited the rape of Proserpine. The car of Pluto is preceded by Hercules clothed in his lion-skin. The twelve signs of the zodiac are carved at the foot of the statue.

Note.—1 *Triptolemus*. This young prince was the son of Celsus, king of Eleusis, and his queen Meganira, or Metanira. The royal pair had received the goddess Ceres into their palace when she was wandering through their country in quest of her daughter. In return for their hospitality she cured their young son of a dangerous illness; and by nursing him with her milk, caused him to grow to the size and stature of a man in a very short time. She also intended to render him immortal: for which purpose she found it expedient to lay him sometimes on burning coals; but being disturbed in this part of the ceremony by the screams of the child's mother, who had watched her operations, she was unable to accomplish her design. To make her *protégé* some amends for this disappointment, she communicated to him the power and the inclination to teach mankind the arts of agriculture. Some authors

pretend that the Eleusinian festivals with all their mysterious rites were established by Triptolemus in honour of the goddess to whose kindness he owed his own happiness, and the power of contributing so essentially to that of others. Of these festivals, see an account in the "Sequel."

ARACHNE.

ARACHNE, the daughter of Idmon, a woollen-dyer who resided at Colophon in Ionia, was the most celebrated embroideress of the age in which she lived. Nothing could equal the beauty of her work, or the grace and dexterity with which it was executed. The young damsels of Tmolus, the nymphs of Pactolus, and the inhabitants of all the surrounding country, frequently made little parties to visit Arachne, and to look at her while she was at work. The skill and address she discovered, whether employed in spinning her worsted, winding it, weaving and blending its beautiful colours according to her taste in the loom, or embroidering with her needle, rendered her the object of general curiosity and admiration. But, alas! poor Arachne became vain of her talents, and her vanity proved her ruin.

The goddess Minerva being jealous, and piqued at the encomiums that were every where lavished on this ingenious young artist, went to visit her under the appearance of a venerable old woman. She admired Arachne's work exceedingly ; but at the same time observed to her, that though they were unrivalled by any mortal, they were very far from being equal in beauty to those of the goddess Minerva. Arachne sharply replied, that she was not at all afraid of being surpassed in talent even by Minerva herself ; and that were the goddess present, she would challenge her to a trial of skill. " The challenge is accepted," exclaimed Minerva, throwing off her disguise.

All the spectators were struck with awe and wonder at the presence of the goddess, and bowed themselves to the ground in token of respect and reverence. Arachne alone stood undaunted, and could not be dissuaded from essaying her skill with her celestial visitant.

The frames were now prepared ; and each of the rival embroideresses, introducing threads of gold amongst the worsted, began a piece of tapestry, representing various stories and adventures of antiquity. Minerva's work displayed the mountain of Mars, the assembly of the Areopagus, and her own contest with Neptune for giving a name to

the city of Athens ;¹ and each corner of the piece represented (as a warning to Arachne) the metamorphosis of some daring mortal, who had boasted of being superior in beauty or talents to the celestial inhabitants of Olympus. The picture was surrounded by a border of olive-branches and leaves curiously wrought.

Arachne's work represented the amours of Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Bacchus, and other gods : the border was a wreath or garland of flowers, leaves, and vine-tendrils, beautifully executed.

This picture was a master-piece, in which even the scrutinising eyes of Minerva could descry no fault or imperfection. The goddess was exceedingly mortified ; and at length became so irritated, as to hit poor Arachne several blows on the head with her shuttle, at which the unfortunate young artist was so much humiliated and grieved, that her life became odious to her, and she hanged herself in a fit of despair. Minerva happening to see her suspended, transformed her into a spider.

This sad event struck the inhabitants of Lydia and the surrounding country with terror, so that, even while they wept the untimely and cruel fate of the poor unfortunate Arachne, they trembled for fear of incurring the vengeance of her divine antagonist.

Note.—1 *Athens*. This city was the capital of the ancient Cecropia. Minerva and Neptune quarrelled about the right of giving it a name. The assembly of the gods settled the dispute, by promising the preference to which ever of the two should give the most useful and necessary present to the inhabitants of the earth. Neptune upon this struck the ground with his trident, and immediately a horse issued forth from the spot. Minerva produced an olive tree, and obtained the victory by the unanimous voice of the gods, who observed that the olive, as the emblem of peace, is far preferable to the horse, the symbol of war and bloodshed. The city accordingly received the name of Athenæ, a name of Minerva; who was also called Pallas, Tritonia, &c. This adventure was one of the exhibitions of her embroidery.

NIOBE.

NIOBE, the wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Lydia. Previous to her marriage she had resided at Sipy-lus, a city of Mæonia, and had there known the unfortunate Arachne, whose sad story was now the subject of general conversation. This princess, on hearing of the dreadful vengeance that Minerva had taken on the unhappy Lydian, inveighed bitterly against her injustice and cruelty; reviled all the gods and goddesses, and made their worship a subject of derision. Niobe was noted for her beauty, and equally so for the haughtiness of her temper. She gloried in the charms of her person, the nobility of her birth, the grandeur of her rank, her immense riches, her husband's extent of empire, and above all the rest, she boasted of being the mother of fourteen uncommonly beautiful children.

The prophetess Manto, daughter of the celebrated Tiresias, was one day uttering her predictions in the streets of Thebes, and exhorting the people to be zealous in the worship of Latona and her divine twins, Apollo and Diana. "Haste, Thebans," said she, "bind your brows with laurels, and burn incense on the altars of Latona and her children. It is the goddess herself who thus commands you, by my voice." The people instantly obeyed. Crowning their heads with the ever-verdant foliage which the love of Apollo had rendered sacred, and bearing incense in their hands, they proceeded in crowds to the temple of Latona to present their homage, and to prefer their prayers and supplications.

While the people were engaged in these religious exercises, Niobe entered the temple, magnificently attired in a Phrygian habit of gold and purple, and followed by a splendid retinue. The principal officer of her guard having commanded silence, she began to harangue the assembly, exhorting them to renounce the worship of so mean a divinity as Latona; whom she ridiculed, and described as the daughter of a certain monstrous giant; reminding them, also, that there was a time when even the earth refused her an asylum. The haughty queen then proposed herself as an object

far more worthy of their religious veneration, and proceeded to enumerate her pretensions. She pleaded that her father was one of the kings who had been admitted to the banquet of the gods; that her mother was sister to the Pleiades; that she was grand-daughter to the great Atlas who had borne the heavens on his shoulders; and that she was nearly related to Jupiter himself. Above all, she besought them to consider, that whereas Latona had only two children, she was the favoured mother of fourteen sons and daughters, whose extraordinary beauty and talents rendered them the pride and glory of the country.

Niobe's discourse had a powerful effect on the minds of the audience; and such was her eloquence, that she actually succeeded in persuading the assembly to throw away their laurels and quit the temple.

Latona being vexed and mortified at seeing her altars thus deserted, repaired to Mount Cynthus, an eminence in the middle of the island of Delos, which was consecrated to Apollo and Diana, and besought her children to come to Thebes and revenge the insult she had received.

In obedience to the wishes of their mother, Apollo and Diana involved themselves in a thick dark cloud, which soon cast a portentous shadow

over the ancient palace of Cadmus; and from behind the murky curtain formed by this voluminous accumulation of unwholesome vapours they discharged the fatal arrows¹ that carried death to the sons of Niobe; who, in all the pride of youthful vigour, were amusing themselves, some in athletic exercises, and some in managing their superb coursers, richly caparisoned, on a spacious plain that lay near the city.

Scarcely had the tidings of this awful event reached the ears of their unhappy mother when she saw her daughters (transfixed, alas! by the same mortal but invisible shafts) expiring around her. In the anguish of her heart she covered the youngest with her robe, beseeching the gods with piercing cries and bitter lamentations to spare her at least that one; but her grief and her prayers were equally unavailing!

The wretched Amphion, driven to raving madness by this affliction, put an end to his existence; and the miserable widow, surrounded by the dead bodies of her family, sat absorbed and silent, the mute unmurmuring image of despair! In this state she hardened into marble, and was ultimately transported by a whirlwind to the top of a mountain in Lydia; and travellers have asserted that the statue was frequently seen to weep.²

Observations.—The punishment of this proud mother, and the death of her children, are finely represented in a basso-relievo in the Villa Borghese near Rome.

In the Palazzo Rondinini at Rome is a basso-relievo representing a warrior with his head uncovered, and his eyes raised towards heaven, with an air of agonising affliction ; on his left arm, which is raised upwards, he wears a shield, and with his right he is supporting a youth, who seems to be expiring. These figures are supposed by connoisseurs to represent Amphion, the husband of Niobe, with one of his sons.

The most superb illustration of this event now existing is in the Medici Gallery at Florence ; where, in a sort of theatre called the *Sala di Niobe*, the greater part of this wretched family are assembled. These fine statues were dug up in an excavation made near the Porta di San Giovanni at Rome, and being purchased by the Grand-duke of Tuscany, served to decorate the gardens of the Villa Medici till the year 1775, when they were, by order of the then reigning sovereign of Tuscany, Pietro Leopoldo, transported to Florence. Some of the learned attribute these surprising productions to Praxiteles ; others to Scopas, an Ephesian artist, who lived 450 years before Christ.

The number of the Niobidi are not complete: there are two wanting; and it is believed that the *lottatori* (wrestlers) which stand in another part of the gallery, properly belong to this group. Some of the mythologists have mentioned that the elder sons of Niobe were performing some equestrian exercises, and the two younger wrestling, at the moment they were struck dead.

It does not appear that these wonderful statues ever formed one attached or contiguous group. They bear marks of having been disposed in niches. Some learned connoisseurs supposed that they were originally disposed in a circular room, the centre of which was the true point of view; and that the son, who lies stretched out and quite dead, was placed before the second daughter, who is looking downwards, and apparently contemplating some very sad object. The learned Mr. Cockerell is of opinion that these statues were designed to decorate a temple.

Among the modern representations of this tragical story there exists an exquisitely fine painting by Wilson.

Lord Byron in one of his poems beautifully apostrophises the city of Rome under the striking appellation of the "*Niobe of nations*."

Notes.—1 *Arrows.* These were sun-rays and moon-beams, Apollo and Diana being personifications of these great luminaries; for this fable is supposed to be founded on a tragical event caused by the plague or pestilence, which desolated the city of Thebes, and deprived the unhappy Niobe of all her numerous family. This contagious disease being attributed to the intense heat of the weather, or the burning rays of the sun, the poets pretended that these unfortunate young persons were killed by the arrows of Apollo, together with those of Diana. The influence of the moon in fevers, and other diseases to which the human body is liable, was supposed to be very unfavourable; and there are maladies which are attributed solely to lunar influence: hence we have the term lunacy; and hence Milton, in his “doleful catalogue of human woes,” mentions “moon-struck madness.” To this opinion, which seems to have been prevalent among the Jews, we are indebted for some beautiful specimens of Hebrew poetry.

“*Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor the arrow that flieth by day: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.*” Psalm xc1. 5, 6, 7. And again:

“*The sun shall not smite thee by day; nor the moon*

by night." Psalm CXXI. 6 : which last is thus paraphrased by the late pious Dr. Isaac Watts :

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch : no baleful star
Dart its malignant fire so far.——

2 *Statue seen to weep.* Pausanias relates that there was on the top of Mount Sipylus, in Lydia, a huge rock, which being viewed at a great distance, had the appearance of a woman weeping, and in an attitude of grief and sorrow : but the resemblance was lost on a nearer approach to the mountain.

THE FROGS.

THE fate of Niobe having exhibited a dreadful example of the vengeance of Latona,' the terrified people now again repaired in haste to her altars, wearing laurels, burning incense, and attending to every minute ceremony of her worship with dismal countenances and all the gloomy devotion which fear and terror have a tendency to inspire. Nothing was now talked of but Latona, Apollo, Diana, and Niobe; and among the thousand anecdotes that were circulated respecting one or other of these illustrious personages, a countryman recounted the following to his companions:—

“ In my youth, my father, being too old and too infirm to bear the fatigues of a long journey, sent me to Lydia to purchase bullocks; and as I

neither knew the road, nor was acquainted with the language of the people with whom I was to transact this business, I engaged a native of the country to be my guide.

“ In the course of our journey we met with nothing very extraordinary; but a few days after our arrival, as we were walking through some of those fine meadows, that offer an abundant pasture to the numerous herds of cattle which are bred in that country, I observed an antique altar that was erected in the middle of a small lake, on the banks of which grew a prodigious quantity of rushes, while the water they enclosed was covered with aquatic plants of various descriptions. The altar was black with the smoke of sacrifices, and on it lay a heap of ashes and cinders. On approaching the lake, my companion suddenly stopped, and assuming an air of deep devotion, bowed to the altar, and said, in a murmuring low tone of voice, ‘ Protect me, and be propitious!’ Imitating his example, I repeated the same words, and then inquired who was the presiding divinity of the place.

“ ‘ Young man,’ replied my companion, ‘ this altar is consecrated to Latona, the goddess who was driven by the fury of Juno to seek a shelter in the

island of Delos, where she became the mother of Apollo and Diana ; and from whence, being again persecuted by her implacable adversary, she afterwards fled with her children into this country, which had long been celebrated by the wonderful accounts that had been given of the Chimera. It happened to be a time of great drought ; the country had a very arid appearance, as the grass was every where burnt up by the scorching rays of the sun. Latona being overcome with fatigue, anxiously sought for some water to quench her raging thirst ; when suddenly, to her great joy, she perceived this lake ; and drawing near the edge, eagerly knelt down to drink, when, being perceived by some husbandmen who were cutting ozers near the banks, they rudely forbade her to touch the water, and commanded her to depart. In vain she expostulated with them on their unreasonableness and cruelty ; in vain she described her sufferings ; in vain she implored their compassion, pointing with maternal tenderness to her lovely little innocent children : they remained inexorable ; and not content with using injurious language, they jumped into the water, and stirred up the mud at the bottom to render it thick and unpalatable. Latona's patience was now exhausted ;

she became angry, and stretching out her arms, she exclaimed—‘ Be this lake henceforward your constant habitation!’ Scarcely had she pronounced these words when they were all transformed into frogs, under which form they still continue to jump, and splash, and croak, to the great annoyance of all such as repair to this sacred spot to indulge in the pensive pleasures of silent meditation.’”

Note.—1 *Latona*. This goddess seems to be little known but as the mother of Apollo and Diana, whose divinity was every where acknowledged.

Many learned authors are of opinion that the *Latona* of the Greeks was no other than the goddess *Buto* of the ancient Egyptians; in which case she was only the nurse or foster-mother of Apollo and Diana, or rather of *Horus* and *Bubastis*, who were the children of *Isis*; and *Herodotus* observes that *Æschylus* hence derives his story in which he makes *Diana* the daughter of *Ceres*; “ which account,” says the learned *Dr. Pritchard*, “ was more consistent with the theogony than the vulgar one; for *Diana* in the heaven became *Hecate* or *Proserpine* in the infernal regions.” “ The Greek mythologists,” says the same learned author, “ agree in asserting the physical meaning of *Latona* to be *Night* or *Darkness*; and *Apollo* and *Diana* are more than once called the offspring or

nurselings of Night." Latona had an oracle at Butos, a town on the Sebennyitic mouth of the Nile, and a temple of uncommon beauty and splendour; and there were two others consecrated to her children.

MARSYAS.

THE good man having finished his account of Latona's vengeance on the countrymen who refused to let her drink, a relation which naturally tended to increase the religious terror, and stimulate the superstitious devotion of her worshippers, another of the company in his turn recited a horrible instance of the vindictive cruelty of Apollo towards Marsyas,¹ an unfortunate professor of the flute, who had the temerity to challenge him to a trial of skill in music :—

“ Marsyas, who is generally represented as a satyr, was a noted performer on the flageolet or pipe, who resided at Celene, a city of Phrygia, of which it was once the capital. This famous musician as he was one day wandering alone near some water, by some authors said to be the lake of Tritonia in Africa, and by others, a fountain at the

foot of Mount Ida in Asia, observed a musical instrument which bore some resemblance to a pipe, floating on the undulating wave. This was a flute that had been manufactured by Minerva herself from the leg-bone of a stag, which she had one day found in her path as she was walking in a wood, and on which she played with equal skill and pleasure. It is the property of bony substances to sink in the water ; but this particular bone might have acquired its floating quality from the divine touch of the goddess of wisdom, who, after all the pleasure this flute had given her, at last threw it away in disgust, having perceived by reflection in some smooth glassy pool the frightful grimaces she made, and the ugly manner in which her mouth was distorted when playing. As she flung it from her hand, she denounced a miserable death to the person who should find it ; and this denunciation was verified in the fate of the unfortunate Marsyas, who seized the instrument, and being delighted with its melodious sounds, studied and practised it with so much perseverance and assiduity, that he became an excellent performer. The talents of Marsyas were held in high estimation, and he was much beloved throughout the country in which he lived, and where it was generally reported and believed that

he was the first who composed and sang sacred hymns in praise of the immortal gods.

“ Marsyas was much attached to Cybele, and had accompanied her to Nysa, a city consecrated to Bacchus. Here he unhappily met with Apollo, and being like some of his predecessors, grown excessively proud of his talents, had the temerity to challenge him to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted on the express condition that the vanquished should be entirely at the mercy of the vanquisher. The Muses, according to some authors, or a chosen committee of the inhabitants of Nysa, as asserted by others, were constituted judges.

“ So fine was the music of Marsyas, that the umpires had great difficulty to decide between rivals whose talents were so nearly equal. At length, however, after much hesitation, they pronounced in favour of Apollo, who immediately had the cruelty to condemn Marsyas to be flayed alive. Some say that he executed this horrid sentence with his own hand, unmoved by the shrieks of the miserable sufferer ; others assert that he caused the bloody deed to be perpetrated by a Scythian.

“ Apollo repenting, but, alas ! too late, of this cruel action, is said to have broken the cords of his lyre, and to have deposited it, together with the fatal flute, in the cavern of Bacchus.

“The satyrs, fauns, nymphs, and dryads, lamented the fate of Marsyas. Husbandmen and shepherds wept the loss of their beloved musician, whose melody had so often beguiled the hours of toil and labour; and so abundant were the tears that were shed for his death, that they formed the source of a river in Phrygia, which bears the name of Marsyas. It rises near the Meander, and forms a confluence with that river at a short distance from the site of the ancient city of Celene, which was destroyed by an earthquake.”

The stories of the Frogs and of Marsyas being ended, and the company having made divers sage observations thereon, the conversation reverted to the sad subject of Niobe and her family. The greatest regret and sorrow were expressed for the fate of Amphion and his children; but the memory of the queen was execrated, and her name mentioned with signs of horror and disgust.

One of Niobe's most sincere mourners was her brother, the prince Pelops. He remained for a long time inconsolable; and such was the violence of his sorrow, that in the first transport of his grief, he rent his clothes in such an extraordinary manner that his attendants had a full view of his ivory shoulder.

After the catastrophe which had caused the

destruction of Niobe and her family, the neighbouring princes hastened to visit Pelops in order to condole with him on that awful and tragical event. Among the most distinguished of these visitors were the princes and chiefs of Argos, Sparta, Mycenæ, Patræ, Cleone, Pylos, and Trezene. Athens being then engaged in a defensive war against a barbarous people, who were devastating the fertile plains of Attica, was the only state of Greece that neglected to perform this mournful duty.

Observations.—In the Justinian palace is a statue of Apollo holding a knife in one hand and a human skin in the other; and in the noble family of the Marchese Litta of Modena is preserved a painting by Correggio, representing in one and the same picture the competition of Apollo and Marsyas, and the subsequent punishment of the latter inflicted by the hand of the victor himself; but the greater number of ancient artists being aware of the incongruity of representing the god of music and medicine as an executioner, have referred this disgusting office to a Scythian, who is indeed mentioned by some writers as having executed the cruel sentence; and many connoisseurs are of opinion that the statue

of the *Arrotino*, or knife-whetter, in the gallery at Florence, is this Scythian, preparing to inflict the punishment to which the unhappy Marsyas was condemned. The *Scorticato*, a fine anatomical statue in the same gallery, represents Marsyas completely flayed.

The representations of the horrid fate of Marsyas are very numerous. Paintings of it have been found in the subterraneous city of Herculaneum; and few are the galleries that have not some sculptured or painted exhibition of this horrid deed, which procured for the victorious divinity the name of *Apollo-Tormentore*, or Apollo the Tormentor.

The ancient Romans placed a statue of Marsyas at the entrance of the Forum, and it was customary for the *avocati*, or lawyers who gained their causes at the tribunal, to adorn this statue with a crown or garland.

A basso-relievo in the Villa Pinciani represents the execution of the unfortunate Marsyas. Apollo is sitting on a throne, resting his foot on a griffin. The Muses sitting round their leader have pronounced judgment in his favour. At this trial many of the goddesses assist—Cybele, Bacchus, Mars, Venus, Minerva, Diana, and Mercury. At a little distance three Scythians are binding Marsyas to a

column, near which his flute appears suspended to the branch of a tree ; another Scythian is whetting a knife to execute the dreadful sentence.

Note.—1 *Marsyas*. Some authors inform us that this fable is founded on the most ancient account of the art of playing the flute, in which the Beotians very far excelled the Athenians ; and so great was their pride and boasting on this occasion, that the latter, in order to mortify and repress the vanity of their more skilful flute-playing neighbours, invented and published this fable, thus endeavouring to bring into ridicule that superiority of talent to which they were not able to attain.

MARRIAGE OF TEREUS AND PROGNE.

TEREUS, king of Thrace, having conducted an army to the assistance of Pandion, king of Athens, and by his timely aid and distinguished valour obtained a complete victory over the barbarous people that were ravaging the fertile country of Attica, demanded as a reward for his services the hand of the princess Progne, eldest daughter of the king of Athens, in marriage. His request was granted, and the Athenians were unanimous in the joy with which they hastened to celebrate the nuptials of the daughter of their sovereign with a prince whom they considered as the deliverer of their country. Juno and Hymen, however, refused to honour this festival with their presence, and the Loves and Graces, who came to adorn the nuptial chamber, fled away in terror on perceiving

it already in possession of the Furies, who were lighting it with torches which they had kindled at the flames of Tartarus, and which threw round the magnificent apartment a red portentous glare, better suited to the death-chamber of guilt and crime than to the marriage rites of a young and amiable princess. Birds of ill omen sat perched on the canopy of the bed. The screech-owl shrieked and augured but too truly of the misery that should result from this union.

Con giostre e con tornei, con suoni e canti
 Si fè in Atene a queste nozze onore,
 Tutti novi splendeano i vari manti
 Di valor, di artificio e di colore
 Scopri ogni donna allora il suo tesoro,
 La perla oriental, la gemma, e l' oro.

Tereo, fatte le nozze, non s' arresta,
 Ma tornò con la sposa al patrio lito,
 Dove la traccia rinovò la festa,
 E salutò il suo re fatto marito,
 Con pompa coronò la Greca testa,
 E nuove giostre fè, nuovo convito.
 Ah! quanto intorno al ben, e il nostro inganno!
 Come spesso n' allegra il proprio danno!!

In the second year of their marriage Tereus and Progne had a son, whom they named Itys. The birth of this child consoled the princess in some degree for her separation from her aged

father, and her beloved sister Philomela, a separation which she had taken much to heart.

After a few years, Progne expressed an ardent desire to visit her native country, and to enjoy for some time the company of her parent and of her sister. To this Tereus objected, pleading the tender age of the child, and the danger of taking him with her in so long a journey, or of leaving him behind her at so great a distance; and they at length agreed that Tereus should go alone to the court of Athens, and bring the princess Philomela with him on his return.

Philomela was a young princess of rare beauty and merit, and the darling of her aged parent, who was with the greatest difficulty prevailed on to consent to her absence, though it was intended to be for a very short time. At first he absolutely refused to let her go; but the reiterated entreaties of his son-in-law, united with those of the innocent Philomela, who ardently desired to see her sister, at length overcame his resolution, and he consented to her request on her promise of a speedy return.

The aged monarch accompanied his daughter to the sea-side, where, with the most tender expressions of confidence, he consigned her to the care of Tereus; and they embarked, accompanied

by several Athenians, who were appointed to attend the young princess. In a short time they left far behind them the magnificent port of Pireus, and sailing with a fair wind, soon reached the Thracian coast.

In the course of this short voyage Tereus had conceived the most wicked designs against the person of his young sister-in-law, and no sooner had they landed than he found some plausible pretext for withdrawing her from her attendants, and conveying her to an ancient castle which stood in the middle of a thick unfrequented forest. Here he proceeded to treat her with great indignity. In vain the wretched Philomela besought him to have compassion on her helpless situation, and reminded him of the solemn promises of protection which he had made to her father. Every word she uttered seemed but like fuel added to devouring flames, and his violence knew no bounds. Philomela in an agony of despair threatened to publish his conduct as soon as she should be set at liberty, and vowed that if he shut her up in this place she would make the woods ring with the story of her wrongs, not doubting that the just gods would sooner or later take vengeance on him for the insult he had offered her.

Tereus being alarmed by these menaces, sud-

denly determined to prevent the publication of his crime by depriving her of the organ of speech; then seizing her tongue with a pair of pincers, he cut it off with his sword. He then left her a prisoner in the castle, attended only by wretches devoted to his interest; and returning home to his queen Progne, informed her with the deepest apparent affliction that Philomela had died on the passage.

Progne caused a superb monument to be erected to the memory of her beloved sister. The cenotaph bore the name of Philomela, and was surrounded by figures in sorrowing attitudes. The unhappy queen daily visited this tomb, weeping over it with sincere and unabating affliction.

THE INJURIES OF PHILOMELA REVENGED.

PHILOMELA had now languished a year in the castle, the doors of which were always strongly guarded, and no opportunity had yet offered for transmitting to her sister an account of her situation.

After many fruitless reflections on the means of making this communication, she at last devised a plan which was crowned with success. She formed a tissue of various-coloured threads, in which she contrived to trace the sad story of her misfortunes. The work was very beautiful, and Philomela made signs to a woman who attended her to go and present it to the queen; an embassy which, in the hope of a magnificent reward, was readily undertaken.

The hieroglyphics of this mysterious tissue

were soon understood by Progne, who, being struck with horror at the discovery, determined to take signal vengeance on the perpetrator of so foul a deed.

The people of Thr  ce were at this time celebrating the festival of Bacchus; during which, the women were permitted to run about the country as Bacchantes, or priestesses of Bacchus. They were clothed in deer-skins, their temples were bound with garlands of ivy, and they bore thyrses in their hands.

Progne availed herself of this occasion to release her sister. Animated by a fury which was mistaken for the inspirations of the god of wine, she made her way to the castle, followed by a great number of the Bacchantes, howling and raving in a frightful manner. Their united force soon broke the massive doors of the castle; and Progne, disguising her sister in a habit similar to her own, conveyed her in safety to the royal palace, beseeching her not to weep, but to arm herself with the courage necessary to join with her in her plans of vengeance. At this instant the little Itys' came running to caress his mother, who, being shocked at his striking resemblance to his now detested father, immediately meditated a mode of revenge too horrible to be conceived of; and after

a moment of agonising pause and suspense, she exclaimed—"Let there be none left to perpetuate the race of such a monster!" then seizing the child with fury, she bore him to a remote part of the palace, and plunged a dagger into his breast. With the assistance of her sister, she afterwards carried the dead body of the child to the kitchen, where they prepared for Tereus an abominable banquet.

Under the pretext of performing some Athenian ceremony of religion, at which none but the nearest relations of the king could be admitted, the domestics were all sent away from the palace, and Tereus, seated in a chair of state, began his horrid repast. After some time, he asked for his darling little Itys; whereupon Progne, with a sarcastic smile, told him that his son was in his stomach; and Philomela at the same instant advanced, and threw the bleeding head of Itys on his plate.

Tereus in wild distraction drew his sword, and rose to pursue his wife and sister, but he was suddenly changed into a hoopoo; and Philomela at the same time became a nightingale, Progne a swallow, and Itys a pheasant.

Note.—1 *Itys*. It seems to be but too true that this unfortunate child was murdered by his aunt and

mother, the daughters of Pandion the Second, eighth king of Athens. Pausanias mentions that the tomb of the wicked Tereus, who is said to have perished miserably, stood near this city. The poetical embellishments, that is to say, the metamorphoses, are not pleasing; but it is probable that some qualities, anciently attributed to these birds, might have rendered the notion of such a transformation more congruous and appropriate than we, at this time, are aware of.

BOREAS AND ORITHYIA—PHRYXUS AND HELLE.

SOON after the tragical event just related, Pandion, king of Athens, died of grief, and was succeeded by his son Erechtheus, a prince every where noted for his justice and valour. This monarch had a numerous family of sons and daughters. The former, as they grew up, became renowned for their prudence and courage; the latter for their virtue and beauty.

The winged Boreas was at this time sovereign of Thrace. This powerful and turbulent prince, having heard of the good qualities and beauty of the young Athenian princesses, and being exceedingly desirous of forming an alliance with the king of Athens, sent ambassadors to Erechtheus, to demand his youngest daughter the princess Orithyia in marriage. His demand was refused. Erech-

theus had not forgotten the misfortunes of his sisters Progne and Philomela. The outrage offered to these princesses had provoked the indignation and hatred of the Athenians, who now held the Thracians in the greatest abhorrence.

Boreas, being mortified and offended by the refusal he had met with from Erechtheus, resolved on endeavouring to obtain the princess by stratagem or by force. He accordingly set out for Athens disguised as a simple traveller, and anxiously watched for an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. Chance or fortune soon favoured his design; for Orithyia being one day amusing herself with her sisters on the banks of the river Ilyssus, happened to fall into the stream. Boreas, who was concealed near the spot, immediately plunged into the water, seized the princess, and, spreading his enormous wings, bore her away to his own country; where, by great kindness, and indisputable proofs of sincere attachment, he subdued the aversion she had conceived for him as a Thracian, and she consented to become his wife.

In process of time Orithyia became the mother of several children; of whom the most celebrated were Zethes and Calais. These were twins, and were both remarkable for their vigour and beauty; and when they grew up, they had wings like their

father. They became famous among the heroes who embarked with Jason in the Argonautic expedition to Colchis, for the recovery of the golden fleece, which had been wickedly acquired by the king of that country.

Giasone scelse cinquanta cavalieri
(Contando se per uno) i più perfetti,
Or, sentendosi forti, atti e leggieri
Questi alati, di Borea, giovinetti
Appresentati anch' essi ; arditi e fieri
Se n' andar con Giason, fra gli altri eletti
A quello acquisto, glorioso e degno,
Per l' incognito mar, sul santo legno.

ANG.

To account for this expedition, it will be necessary to know something of a certain brother and sister, named Phryxus and Helle.

These were the children of Athamas, king of Thebes, by his wife Nephele, whom he had married after having divorced Ino, the daughter of Cadmus ; but Nephele becoming subject to fits of madness, he repudiated her, and took back Ino, with whom, on this second union, he lived in habits of great cordiality and affection. Ino now bore him two sons, whose names were Learchus and Melicerta. (See the fable of *Tisiphone in the Palace of Athamas*, page 184.) As the children of Nephele were heirs to the throne of Athamas by right of primogeniture, Ino conceived against them the most excessive jealousy and hatred.

The city of Thebes being visited by a pestilence, it was determined to consult the oracle on the means by which the unhappy Thebans might be delivered from this calamity. Ino is suspected of having on this occasion bribed the priests to her interest, for the oracle enjoined the sacrifice of Nephele's children as the only means of appeasing the gods.

Phryxus and Helle were soon led to the altar ; but just as they were going to be sacrificed, a ram with a fleece of gold, given by the gods to Athamas as a reward for his devotedness to their worship, bounded towards the intended victims, and taking them on his back, soared aloft and disappeared in the air.

In compliance with the wishes of the young aeronautic travellers, the ram bore them towards Colchis, the king of which country was their near relation. Their progress being very rapid, Helle became so giddy that she fell into the sea and was drowned. That part of the deep, into which she fell, was afterwards called the Hellespont: it is a narrow passage or strait between Europe and Asia, known at present by the name of the Dardanelles.

Phryxus having recovered the corpse of his sister, honoured it with the most solemn rites of sepulture, remounted his obedient ram, and pro-

ceeded to Colchis ; where, on his arrival, he sacrificed the poor animal to Mars, or, as some authors say, to Jupiter. He then crowned the sacrifice by the dedication of the golden fleece.

Phryxus was kindly received by the king *Æetes*, and soon after married his daughter *Chalciope* ; but, unhappily for this union, *Æetes* coveted the golden fleece, and, taking no pains to check his inordinate desire of obtaining it, he at length incurred the guilt of murder, by causing his son-in-law to be assassinated ; it being only by the death of this young prince that he could obtain the treasure he so ardently and inordinately desired.

Observation. — Among the beautiful fresco paintings in the Farnese palace at Rome, is one that represents Boreas carrying off the princess Orithyia.

JASON.

JASON was the son of Æson, a prince of Iolchos, whose father Cretheus, king of the country, had married Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, king of Elis. Tyro, before her marriage with Cretheus, had borne two children, and had caused them to be exposed on a mountain; but by the timely care of a certain shepherd they were saved from destruction. The shepherd named them Pelias and Neleus. When these young foundlings grew to years of manhood, Pelias discovered his mother; and going to visit her, was kindly received into the family of her husband. On the death of his benefactor Cretheus, Pelias unjustly supplanted Æson, the son of the deceased monarch, to whom the crown ought to have devolved by hereditary right.

Soon after this usurpation of the crown of Iolchos, Pelias went to consult the oracle respect-

ing the prosperity of his reign. The oracle announced that he should ultimately be dethroned by one of the descendants of Eolus; and directed him to beware of a stranger who should appear in his capital wearing only one shoe.

Alcimedea, the wife of Æson, was shortly after delivered of a son, whom she named Jason. Pelias meditated the destruction of this child, and strove by a variety of means to effect his wicked purpose; but Æson and Alcimedea contrived to frustrate this design, by publishing a false report of the prince's death, and performing the ceremonies of his funeral.

In the mean time Jason was conveyed by his mother to Mount Pelion, and consigned to the care of the celebrated Chiron, by whom he was educated, and under whose wise directions and instructions he became one of the most accomplished princes of the age in which he lived.

Jason, having attained his twenty-first year, went to consult the oracle respecting his future destination; and was commanded to clothe himself in the costume of a Magnesian; to add to it a cloak formed of a leopard's skin; to arm himself with two spears, and thus accoutred to present himself at the court of Iolchos.

Jason punctually obeyed the injunctions of the

oracle; but in going from Mount Pelion to the city of his destination, it was necessary to cross the Anaurus, which at this time had overflowed its banks. Here Juno presented herself under the appearance of a poor old woman, and earnestly besought the young prince to convey her to the other side of the river. Jason, who was moved with respect and compassion for this aged petitioner, readily prepared to swim with her across the stream, when the goddess, to reward his kindness, suddenly raised him above the water, and having transported him in safety to the opposite bank, immediately disappeared. In the way the prince lost one of his shoes, and thus appeared in the capital of Iolchos wearing only one shoe.

The singular dress and manly beauty of this young prince drew round him a crowd of gazing people; and so great was the concourse, that he had much ado to make his way to the royal palace, where the news of his arrival had already reached the ears of Pelias, who graciously condescended to receive this extraordinary stranger. No sooner however had the monarch cast his eyes on Jason's bare foot, than he was seized with a most violent perturbation, and hastily demanded whence he came. The young traveller frankly replied, that he came from Mount Pelion, where he had been

educated by Chiron ; and added that he was the son of Æson, and that he was come to Iolchos to visit his father, of whose place of residence he desired to be informed, and to which he was instantly conducted by some of the principal inhabitants of the city, who seemed to dispute the honour of conducting him to the paternal dwelling ; while the usurper, whose cruelty and extortions had drawn upon him the hatred of the people, dared not to take any step that might prove prejudicial to a prince who had inspired his subjects with such a lively interest in his favour.

Pheres, a monarch who reigned over a part of Thessaly, and who was the brother of Æson, having heard of the arrival of his nephew, came with his three sons to welcome him to his father's house. These princes being all met together, spent five days in feastings and rejoicings ; and on the sixth they all went boldly to the palace, and demanded of Pelias the immediate restoration of the crown and kingdom.

Pelias now thought it prudent to dissemble ; and accordingly told Jason that he had lately seen, in a vision or dream, the ghost of their common relation Phryxus, who had been murdered by Æetes, king of Colchis, on account of his great riches,

and his possession of the golden fleece, which that monarch had long and earnestly desired to obtain, and which he had at length acquired by a crime that called for vengeance. "The phantom," added Pelias, "besought me to come and avenge his death, and save his family, who are now exposed to the cruelty of an avaricious tyrant; but, alas! I am too old to engage in this glorious enterprise. To you, Jason, who are in the flower of youth and vigour, to you it belongs to humble the pride of Æetes; to punish his perfidy, and to appease the manes of the injured Phryxus; go, and may the gods reward your prowess! On your return I will resign to you the throne of Iolchos, the crown and kingdom which you have this day demanded."

The young hero joyfully acceded to the proposal; and invited all the princes of Greece, and the most renowned heroes of the neighbouring countries, to join him in this brilliant and daring expedition. While these were flocking to the standard of Jason in Thessaly, a vessel proper for so long a voyage was constructed, under the immediate directions of the goddess Minerva. This was the renowned ship *Argo*; ¹ whose main-mast, having been cut from the sacred forest of Dodona, was said to render oracles.

Observations.—In the Museum Pio-Clementino is a statue of Jason, wearing only one shoe.

In the Villa Albani is a fine basso-relievo, representing Argo building his famous ship. He is sitting on the prow, working with a chisel and a hammer: behind him is the pilot Tiphys, occupied in settling the mast; to which Minerva is fastening a sail. In the back ground is an owl perched on a column of the temple of Apollo, that stood on the Pegasa, a promontory which projected from the base of Mount Pelion.

Note.—1 *Argo*. Anguillara and some other authors have called the *Argo* the *first ship*; though in their account of her course to Colchis they mention her having taken on board the shipwrecked sons of Phryxus, and that in her voyage of return she was pursued by a squadron under the command of Absyrtus. The learned Bochart reconciles this apparent contradiction by observing that before this period the Phœnicians and Grecians built their vessels of a round or oval form; and that the *Argo* (a name which he says is derived from a Phœnician word signifying *long*) was the first of those long vessels which are now called *galleys*. Other authors say that this famous ship bore the name of the builder, who was called Argus or Argo. The plan for her construction was

drawn by Minerva; and the timber, all except the mainmast, (which was brought from Dodona,) was cut on Mount Pelion; for which reason she was sometimes called *Argo-Peliaca*. This vessel forms a constellation known by the name of *Argo-Navis*.

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